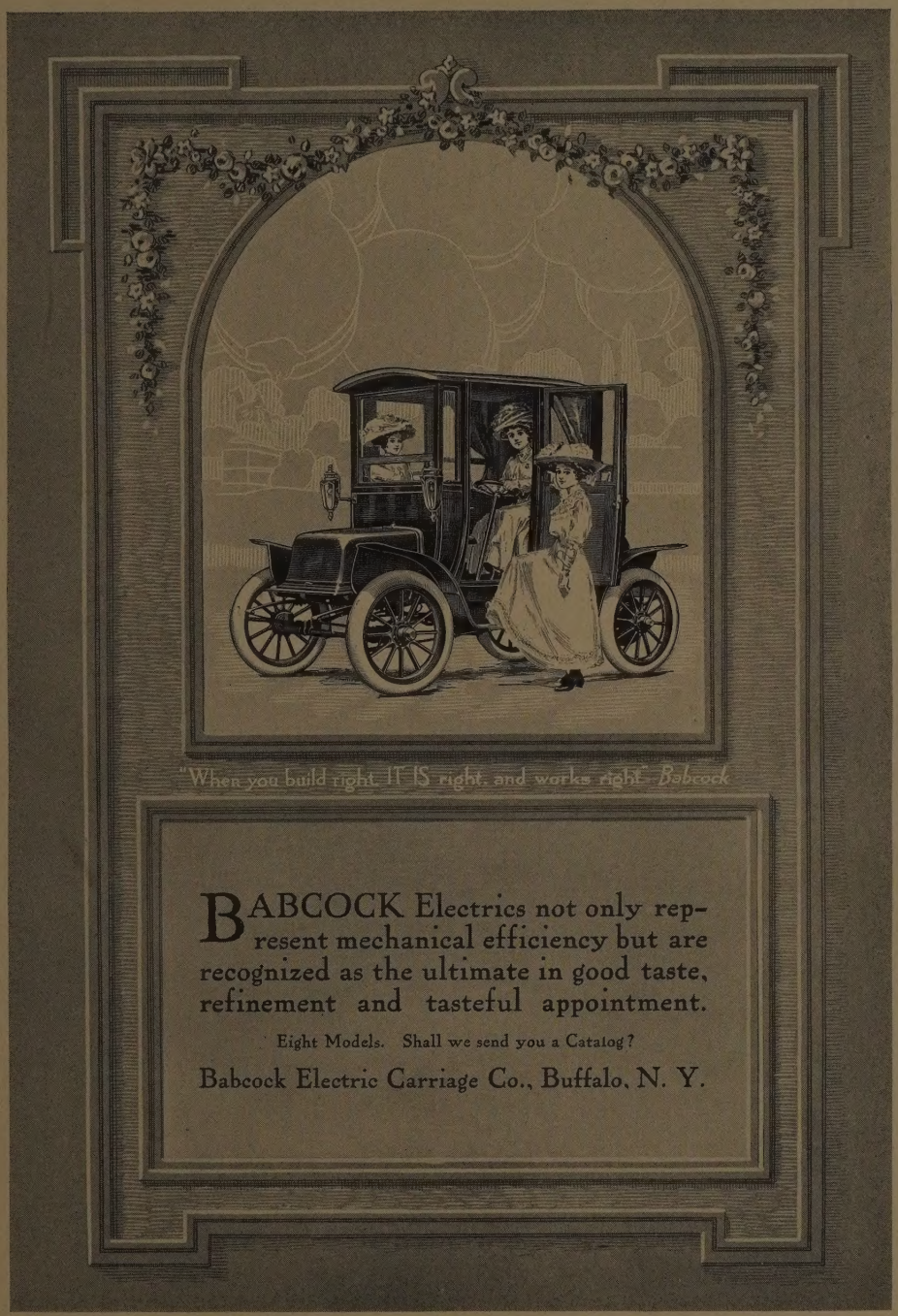

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SUBSCRIPTION: Yearly subscription, in advance, $3.50. Foreign countries, add $1.00 for mail. Canada, add 85c. Single copies, 35 cents.

LONDON: On sale at Daw's Steamship Agency, 17 Green St., Leicester Sq.

CHICAGO

BOSTON

PHILADELPHIA

PARIS: 99 Rue des Petits Champs, Reginald Davis, General European Representative

Published Monthly by

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE COMPANY, Telephone, 6486 Murray Hill 8-10-12-14 West 38th Street, New York City

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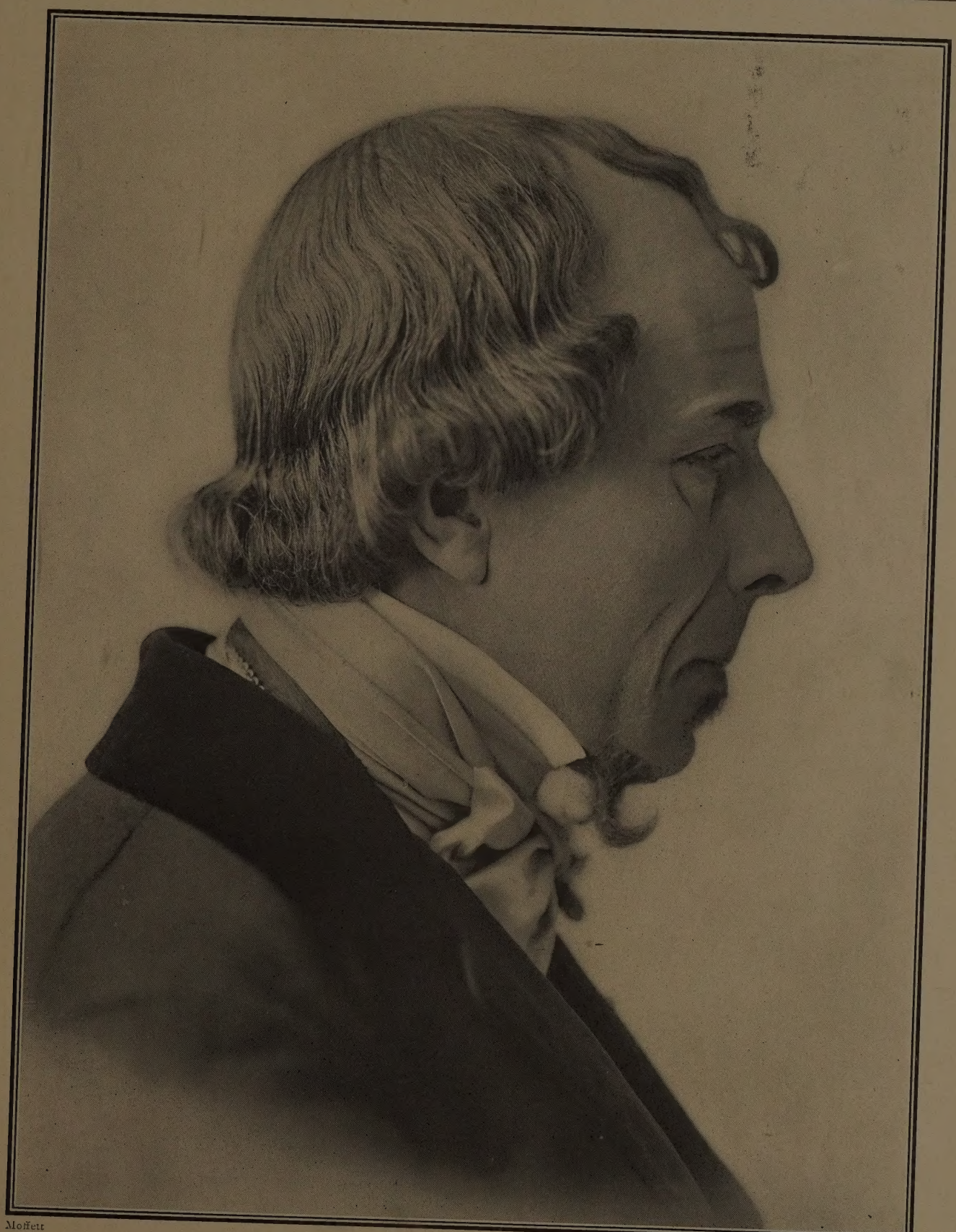
NEW YORK

BALTIMORE LONDON

THE THEATRE

VOL. XIII — MAY, 1911 — No. 123

Published by The Theatre Magazine Co., Henry Stern, Pres.; Louis Meyer, Treas.; Paul Meyer, Sec'y; 8-10-12-14 West Thirty-eighth Street, New York City



Moffett

GEORGE ARLISS AS BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD

THE SEASON'S PLAYS PASSED IN REVIEW

Byron Veda McEvers Mrs. Fiske Kate Lester

Act. III. Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh (Mrs. Fiske): "I'm sure Mrs. Leavitt will not stand upon the formality of an introduction"

SCENE IN HARRY JAMES SMITH'S NEW COMEDY, "MRS. BUMPSTEAD-LEIGH," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE

THE past season has distinction in the very high quality of some of the new and notable plays produced, and in its marked tendency in the progressive development of new ideas, and in the new treatment of old ideas.

Every season sees absolute failures, and naturally this season has not been free from them, but comparative failures in the artistic, as well as in the commercial, sense have been uncommonly numerous. The commercial test, if applied too freely by anticipation, is inimical to the development of the drama. Well-intentioned experiment is helpful. The commercial test applied in advance would arrest the development of new subjects, reduce everything to the conventional, and put a check-rein on all genius.

The New Theatre, not always successful in its adventures, has, nevertheless, proved the value of the unsordid spirit. We have already given a review of the productions at this institution; but, in a review of the entire season, in order to give due proportion to it, it is proper to make mention of some of the notable plays produced by it. "The Blue Bird," by Maeterlinck, was never in doubt, perhaps, as a commercial proposition. The piece did require, however, the kind of production that the New Theatre could give it, and did give it. In other hands it might have been cheapened by the incidental play on other appetites than the sense of the pure and beautiful. That it was, and is a commercial success does not in the least detract from the high aims of the New Theatre. This house, also, was the proper home for "The Piper," by Miss Josephine Preston Peabody. The craftsmanship of the writer of this prize play would have appeared much more defective if the poetic qualities of the piece had been in the hands of less appreciating producers. "The Arrow Maker," by Miss Mary Austin, very crude in workmanship, was yet worth the while as presented here. "The Thunderbolt," by Pinero, while falling short in sympathetic interest, had its place in dignified art. "Mary Magdalene," by Maeterlinck, was an outside production, and with Miss Olga Nethersole dominating it, was overloaded with tinsel and heroics, with a bit of unnecessary lasciviousness here and there, and both in the author's handling and in the production fell short of its good intent. "Nobody's Daughter," by George Paston, was notable in being an artistically successful handling of a subject that had failed time and time again. With the plays just mentioned, financial success perhaps overbalanced failure, and the artistic success may be reckoned as brilliant.

Among plays of a high order seen at other houses, "Chantecler," Rostand's unique play, comes first. The novelty and the poetic value of this play in book form will be permanent. Mr. Charles Frohman's production of it, in view of the enormous difficulties in the way of retaining even so much of its subtleties, was an achievement, and this despite the fact that Miss Maude Adams proved to be entirely unsuited to the title rôle.

In the way of Shakespeare, "Macbeth" was worthily and ambitiously put forward by Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe with much that was new in interpretation. Sarah Bernhardt, always wonderful in her art, appeared before us once more in a repertory of familiar plays, and a number of new ones, some of them daring in nature. The distinguished French actress played to

crowded houses, and the hope is entertained that it was not her last appearance here. A satirical comedy entitled "The Faun," by Edward Knoblauch, in which Mr. Faversham appeared, may be reckoned as worthy. "Anti-Matrimony," by Mr. Percy Mackaye, belongs to the lofty things that are found in the remote altitudes of the clouds. It was one of the failures of the season. "The Scarecrow," also by Mr. Mackaye, belongs also to the things of great endeavor, and while its appeal was in the nature of the fantastic, symbolic, and not altogether sympathetic, it served as a novelty. It at least gave proof that the fantastic is not exclusive from the theatre, and that the bonds of conventionality are being loosened. "Everywoman," by Walter Browne, while a revival of the old morality form of the drama, was a great novelty, because it was produced with every accessory of the modern stage, being both spectacular and operatic. Whatever difference of opinion may exist to the effectiveness of it, its sincerity, despite a few peculiarities, is not to be doubted, and by many it is regarded as a beautiful play, teaching morality in a forceful way.

Bangs

CHRYSTAL HERNE

Daughter of the late playwright, James A. Herne, and now leading lady with John Mason in "As A Man Thinks"

Among the wholesome, unconventional plays, "Pomander Walk," by Louis M. Parker, may be given first place. "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," for the most part a play of child life, was successful beyond what could have been anticipated. Plays of a similar kind have been outworn, and are almost invariably namby pamby, but the genius of the woman who wrote it gave us something new, and Edith Taliaferro, the young woman who acted the part of the girl of sunshine, was a revelation. This play proved one of the great successes of the season. It belongs to a class by itself. It cannot be listed with comedies proper, of which "Smith," by W. Somerset Maugham, was the best, and more distinctly a comedy than "Pomander Walk," for it concerned characters and conditions of the immediate present.

"Mother," a drama by Jules Eckert Goodman, was pathetic and true to that domestic life which is full of those tribulations, all the resources of the loving heart of a mother. "The

Byron Mrs. Fiske Kathlene MacDonell Florine Arnold

Act III. Mrs. De Salle (Florine Arnold): "A viper—a venomous viper, that's what you are!"

SCENE IN HARRY JAMES SMITH'S NEW COMEDY, "MRS. BUMPSTEAD-LEIGH," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE

White Ralph Herz Ethel Green Ethel Millard

Act I. Dr. De Luxe flees in terror from his patient, the dog

SCENE IN THE NEW MUSICAL PLAY, "DR. DE LUXE," AT THE KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE

Havoc," produced by Mr. Henry Miller, was incidentally remarkable in having only three principal characters, with a fourth needed in only one scene. The story was an unusual one, and the play had merit as a satire on the marriage relation as disturbed by a woman's folly. "Electricity," by William Gillette, was a failure because of its artificiality. "The Family," by R. H. Davis, was remarkable as a play of episode, and as the first work of its author. It failed for the technical reason that it proved nothing in morals or philosophy, but it did prove that the author is to be reckoned with hereafter.

Comedies of a farcical nature embraced the greatest successes of the season, and were viewed by largest houses. "The Country Boy," by Edgar Selwyn, with an interesting dramatic action, had a boarding-house scene, with a number of amusing characters true to life, that was eminently diverting. "The Concert," an adaptation by Leo Deitrichstein, produced with the inimitable skill in details of Belasco, has been one of the substantial successes. "Nobody's Widow," under the same direction, was equally successful. "Baby Mine," by Margaret Mayo, in spite of the fact that the complications about a baby have been done scores of times in old farces, and also in spite of the moral delinquency of the wife's deception, was found diverting in the highest degree, and was one of the big successes of the season. Moral delinquency has been a feature of a number of plays this past year, but other circumstances of the story and the action have been so contrived that the plays have found acceptance. "Get Rich Quick Wallingford," by George M. Cohan, was a success of this kind. "The Commuters," by James Forbes, was a successful dramatization of the familiar troubles and humor in the life of the suburbanite. "Over Night," by Philip H. Bartholomae, was a very amusing farcical complication in which two married couples are separated, the timid bride and the timid groom having to travel together over night. The real humor of it all, with the avoidance of all improprieties, made it a most novel and amusing performance. As in other cases to which we have called attention, it is the author's first work. "Excuse Me," by Rupert Hughes, was also a great farcical success, and was particularly novel in having its entire action on a Pullman train going at express speed.

White

HAZEL DAWN

Now appearing as Claudine in "The Pink Lady" at the New Amsterdam Theatre

Against these successes a

number of failures may be recorded. Much was expected of "The Brass Bottle," but the play did not please. "The Zebra," by Paul Potter, from the French, fell short. "I'll Be Hanged if I Do," although sustained by the peculiar antics of William Collier, was foolishly trivial. "The Aviator," while it extracted some comedy from the newest of subjects, lacked something, and was soon laid aside for repairs. "The Nest Egg," carrying the fortunes of Miss Zelda Sears, was too improbable in its story in spite of the spinster so true to life, as played by Miss Sears. "The Impostor," in spirit and substance an excellent comedy, could not gain a foothold, although Miss Annie Russell, in the sympathetic part of a girl who had to represent herself as some one else, and be the guest of a family for a little while in order to save her highest honor, was at her best.

It is difficult to find the precise causes of the financial failure of some plays. We can only record the successes and failures of the season. "Love Among the Lions," seen at the Garrick, might have succeeded in some other season. It is possible that it was not played with the right spirit or by the right people. "Miss Patsy" failed promptly, because of some crudities and improbabilities, and yet it was very amusing. It might have succeeded yesterday, but not to-day. "The Deserters" was a failure even with Blanche Bates in it, she doing a song and dance. The trouble, perhaps, was that the play was reminiscential and machine-made by people too close to the stage, and not hand-made. "The Little Damozel," much praised in some quarters, was a failure, because almost its entire "business" was reminiscential of plays where their "business" properly belongs. "The Other Fellow," in which Thomas Jefferson vainly essayed the fine skill derived from his father, was anything but a success, because it was played in the dark of the moon, all common sense being lost in the obscurities.

White Act II. Delia (Nora Bayes) sending the kiddies to bed
SCENE IN "LITTLE MISS FIX-IT" AT THE GLOBE

White Act III. Delia hears her husband's voice over the wire
SCENE IN "LITTLE MISS FIX-IT" AT THE GLOBE

"New York," by W. H. Hurlbut, which, before it reached New York, was proclaimed the greatest play of its kind ever written, proved to be an abhorrent stirring up of evil lives from which no earthly good could come, or for which no condonation could be granted by audiences. "Two Women," adapted from an Italian author, by Rupert Hughes, in which Mrs. Carter appeared with great confidence, and anticipation, and success, was spectacular and empty, with hardly a true note in it. "The Deep Purple," by Paul Armstrong and Wilson Mizner, true to the life of the under world, and with the unerring handicraft of Paul Armstrong, made a successful appeal. "The Speckled Band" was a failure. "We Can't Be as Bad as All That," by Henry Arthur Jones, was not an entire success, and we think for reasons that we definitely pointed out in our review of the play. "The Boss," by Sheldon, was stimulating and well acted, and will serve its purposes, which are not high. "The Gamblers," by Charles Klein, produced by the Authors' Society, which produced the Jones play also, was successful as a drama of strong situations and well-developed characters, but the principal figure was on the defensive in having misappropriated funds.

Byron, N. Y.

1. Miss Shirley Burns. 2. Mr. Augustus Thomas. 3. Mr. Sydney Rosenfield. 4. Mr. Herbert D. Walter. 5. Mrs. Martha Morton. 6. Mrs. C. A. Doremus. 7. Mr. Harry P. Mawson. 8. Mr. John A. Stevens. 9. Mr. Paul Harris. 10. Mr. C. T. Dazie. 11. Mr. Frank Mandel. 12. Miss Lottie Blair Parker. 13. Mrs. Mary Rider. 14. Miss Alice Ives. 15. Miss Florence Holden. 16. Mrs. Harriman. 17. Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin. 18. Winthrop Ames. 19. J. I. C. Clarke

A SHOP TALK AT THE AMERICAN SOCIETY OF AMERICAN DRAMATISTS AND COMPOSERS

This organization, which succeeded the American Dramatists Club, has an occasional evening at home for the purpose of discussing things cognate to their profession. A recent gathering discussed a National Drama. Those who spoke upon the subject were Mrs. Martha Morton, Mr. Sydney Rosenfield, Mr. C. T. Dazie, Mrs. C. A. Doremus, Miss Alice Ives, Mr. Harry P. Mawson, Mr. J. I. C. Clarke. These talks generally take upon themselves a sort of debating society aspect in which the subject matter is pretty well thrashed out. It developed on the evening in question, when there was a wide divergence of opinion as to what constitutes a National Drama, and, when the evening was over, it might truthfully be said not much light had been shed upon the subject. Augustus Thomas presided.

Of musical plays half a dozen have become eminently popular, the latest one, "The Pink Lady," succeeding in popularity to "The Merry Widow." Among the successful ones were "Madame Sherry," "Judy Forgot," "The Girl in the Taxi," "The Spring Maid" and "The Henpecks." We cannot undertake in proportion the degree of success had by the various comic operas. Pieces of the kind have elements that invariably please unless the book is inseparably stupid, which was the case with a number of them, hardly worth the while to mention.

Mrs. Fiske's new play, "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh," not put together in skill in some of its parts, is yet exceedingly diverting in all the scenes in which she appears. Mrs. Fiske herself was never more delightful than she is in this character of a social impostor. She appeared, also, as Becky Sharp.

Among the revivals of the season was Pinero's delightful comedy, "Trelawney of the Wells," which was seen with great pleasure. "Diplomacy," "Jim the Penman" and William Gillette in "Held by the Enemy," "Sherlock Holmes," and other plays of his repertoire, also proved worth the while. The Hippodrome sustained its reputation for novelty and magnitude in its productions. "The Twelve-Pound Look," a one-act play by James M. Barrie, represented the new school in idea and treatment, and was a welcome novelty. With a full list of all the productions of the season to be published in these columns later on, the passing comments that are made here may enable the reader to gain some idea of the tendencies of the moment.

The New Plays

LYCEUM. "MRS. BUMPSTEAD-LEIGH." Comedy in three acts by Harry James Smith. Produced April 3 with this cast:

Justin Rawson .....Charles Harbury	Peter Swallow .....Henry E. Dixey
Miss Rawson .....Kate Lester	Kitson ..... Cyril Young
Geoffrey Rawson .....Malcolm Duncan	Mrs. De Salle .....Florine Arnold
Anthony Rawson .....Douglas J. Wood	Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh .....Mrs. Fiske
Stephen Leavitt .....Paul Scardon	Violet De Salle ....Kathlene MacDonell
Mrs. Stephen Leavitt ....Veda McEvers	Nina .....Helena Van Brugh

It is a bit improbable, perhaps, that an American woman of vulgar antecedents as to family should marry into the British aristocracy, should return to her native land with a hyphenated name, including her original family name slightly changed, and expect to avoid the exposure of her lowly social beginnings. But the plausibility of an action, founded on these conditions, depends entirely upon the way in which it is handled. Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh returns to America for the sole purpose of marrying her younger sister to the elder son of a rich and proud family living on their estate on Long Island. That accomplished, she can return to England and safely enjoy the fiction, which she has already won out on, of polite and not vulgar lineage. It is a question of a few weeks only. Accept this, and the story is possible, probable, and essentially of the day.

Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh's father made his millions out of a patent medicine while the family lived at Missionary Loop, Ind. She suddenly learns that Pete Swallow, a tombstone maker, an old lover of hers, is to visit the house, and that he suspects her identity. This, then, is the situation, with incidents imperilling all her schemes, which she confronts and turns into comedy.

Mrs. Fiske has never played anything with more delicious drollery and naturalness. Politely suave in her company manners, she has the raucous voice of the old days when she commands her mother or lays down the law to her younger sister. She eyes Pete through her lorgnette, and completely disconcerts him by her naïve amusement at his absurd claim that he used to know her. This scene is greatly impaired by Mr. Dixey's utterly inadequate conception and portrayal of Pete Swallow. Instead of having him in appearance, manner and speech the unchanged rustic of the old days from Missionary Loop, he has him youthful, attractive, suave, rather polished, and glib with the speech of Puck or the verbal comedy of literature. If not this, he is Henry Dixey. He is, in either case, the antithesis of Pete Swallow. All that he says and does, if uttered and done by the real Pete Swallow, would be vastly entertaining. As it is, Mr. Dixey gets no response from the audience whatever. This is a defect in the performance that can be easily remedied, and should be remedied. Mr. Dixey could over night make ready for the real Pete Swallow.

The story is interesting and dramatic. Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh safely gets rid of Peter, but the younger sister, who is really in love with the younger son of the family, lets out the secret of Missionary Loop, and the Bumpstead-Leighs are given notice to leave by the next train. How she remains and brings the whole family to her feet makes the closing action diverting and dramatic. With the first act rearranged as to the sequence of happenings, the play should become very popular. Mrs. Fiske's comedy in it is delightful.

(Continued on page ix)

Scenes in Charles Klein's New Play "Maggie Pepper"

White — Maggie (Rose Stahl) — Holbrook (Frederick Truesdell) — Jim (J. Harry Benrimo)

ACT II. JIM. "I HAVE COME TO SEE YOU"

White — Maggie (Rose Stahl) — Holbrook (Frederick Truesdell)

ACT III. MAGGIE: "DON'T WAKE HIM UP!"

White Rosina Van Dyck Florence Wickham Leon Rothier Geraldine Farrar Lucia Fornaroli Henrietta Wakefield
Lenora Sparkes Jeanne Maubourg
Act III. Ariane (Geraldine Farrar) cuts the cords that bind Barbe-Bleue
SCENE IN PAUL DUKAS'S NEW OPERA "ARIANE ET BARBE-BLEUE" AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

Novelties at the Metropolitan Opera House

THREE novelties sped the parting opera season at the Metropolitan, marking the final month with even greater interest than the preceding ones. France and Italy-Germany contributed to this artistic list, the first-named country being represented by Paul Dukas's "Ariane et Barbe-Bleue" and Jean Nouguès' "Quo Vadis?" while the combination of Italy and Germany was represented in Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari's opera, "Il Segreto di Susanna," known in the original German as "Susanna's Geheimniss."

With the production of two world-famous French works,—to say nothing of the repetition of familiar operas of that school,—there ceases the charge that French opera is now neglected in New York.

First of all, let us turn to "Ariane et Barbe-Bleue," music by Paul Dukas, libretto by Maurice Maeterlinck, which had its first performance in America at the Metropolitan Opera House on the evening of Wednesday, March 29 last, with the following cast:

Ariane, Geraldine Farrar; Barbe-Bleue, Leon Rothier; The Nurse, Florence Wickham; Selysette, Jeanne Maubourg; Ygraine, Lenora Sparkes; Mélisande, Rosina Van Dyck; Bellangere, Henrietta Wakefield; Alladine, Lucia Fornaroli; An Old Peasant, Georges Bourgeois; Second Peasant, Bernard Begue; Third Peasant, Basil Ruysdael. Conductor, Arturo Toscanini.

"Ariane et Barbe-Bleue" is a masterpiece. Its chances of proving a popular success are practically nil, for there is little in it to catch the average opera-goer's ear and hold it. Melody of the frank, flowing kind is practically eschewed by this composer—not nearly as much so as it is in Debussy's "Pélléas et Mélisande," but still so much so that the listener finds nothing to store away in his memory in the way of long phrases.

But what militates against its popular success more than its music is the libretto. It is practically a monologue, sung by Ariane. Blue Beard's part in the story is reduced to almost nothing, and the other voices are all women's voices, being those of the four other wives of this famed ogre, who had a vile disposition and a blue beard—according to legend. Whereas in "Pélléas et Mélisande" there is enacted a great human tragedy,—the love of a man for a woman,—there is in "Ariane" nothing whatever of this kind.

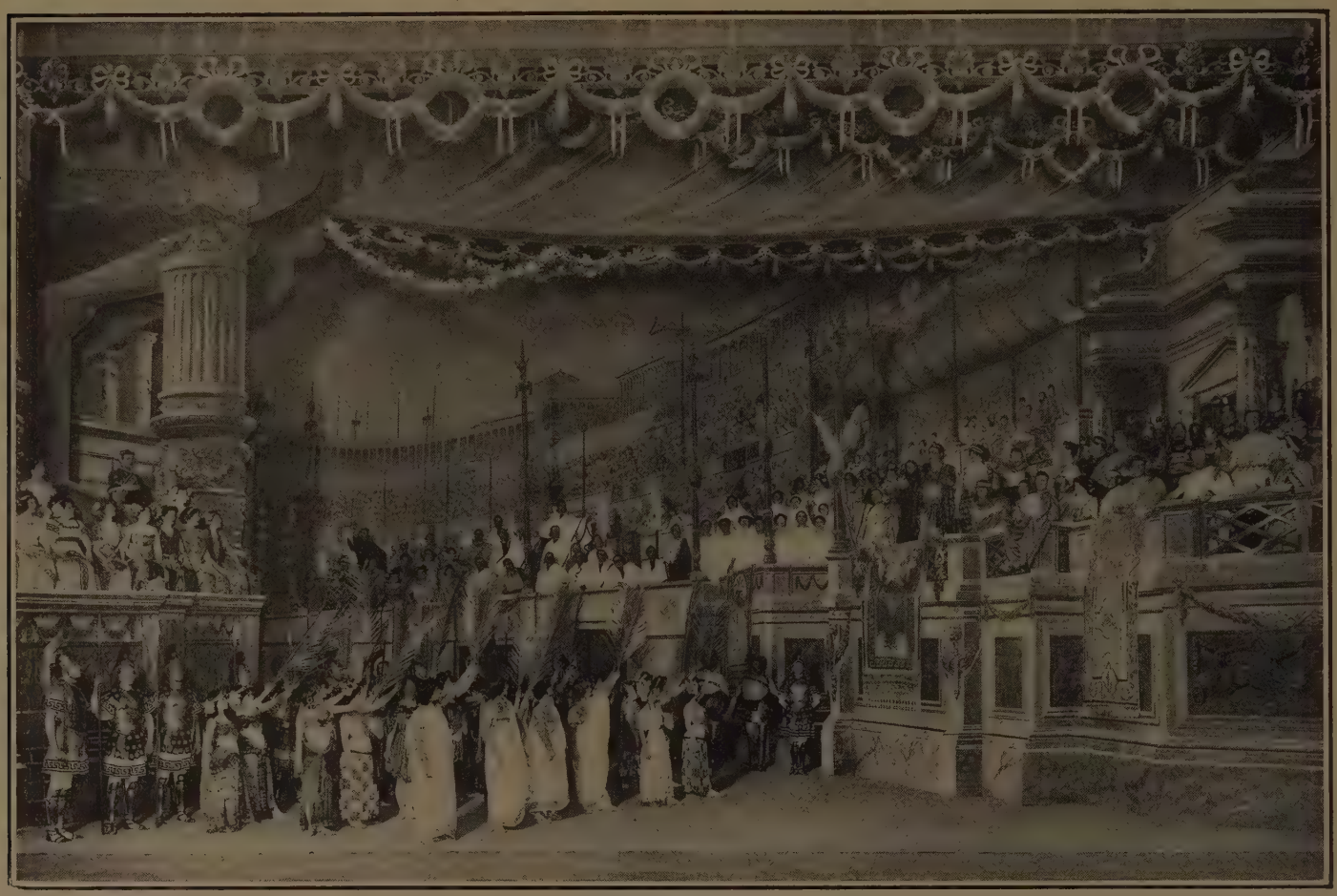
It has been called a suffragette opera, for Ariane is an emancipated woman. She frees herself and frees her five matrimonial sisters of bondage. But when the end comes, and when Blue Beard is helpless and wounded, and when the door is open to all of them, what happens? The five wives choose to remain with their tyrant, letting Ariane go out into the world alone, to that indefinite Maeterlinckian "somewhere." What did the author mean by this odd version of the Blue Beard tale? Was his mind charged with satire or with symbolism?

Dukas has waived this question. He has written a score that is one of the most beautiful bits of orchestration of modern times. To define him as a musician in a phrase would be to say that he is a French step-child of Wagner and first cousin to Debussy. But, more than that, he is himself, Paul Dukas, a serious and estimable musician. His harmonies are distinctly individual, his whole tonal color scheme is fascinatingly novel. The Wagner reminiscences that came to hearing are those of a musician

Photo White

Act IV. Nero demands that the Christians be brought before him

SCENE IN JEAN NOUGUES' NEW OPERA "QUO VADIS?" AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE



White

Act III. Saluting Cæsar

SCENE IN JEAN NOUGUES' NEW OPERA "QUO VADIS?" AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

who has thoroughly digested the scores of this Bayreuth monarch of tone, and has then unconsciously given them forth again. But these are niggling matters compared to the fine effects achieved. The orchestration is a model one, and should be waved under the ears of those young composers who believe that since Richard Strauss every possible variety of orchestral noise is permissible. Now Dukas is not an apostle of noise. He does not eschew it, for he has built some big, rousing climaxes, as in the second act, the finale of which is really wonderful in its effect. So, too, is the music accompanying the opening of the various treasure vaults remarkable in its brilliancy—it dazzles the ears something akin to the jewels that blind the eyes with their magical brightness. So, too, is the chant of the freed women a remarkably odd and effective bit of composing. In fact, the score abounds in delights, but it demands intimate acquaintance and the closest of attention. It is essentially an opera of moods.

Its performance was on the highest artistic level. The scenes were exceedingly effective, the costumes rich and the presentation letter perfect. Geraldine Farrar, as Ariane, heaped new honors on her head. She sang this fearfully difficult music well, and she acted it with restraint, which was to her credit. There were times when a bit more dramatic force might have counted for much—such as in the first act when she declares her insubordination to Blue Beard. But she will doubtless improve as she grows older in the part. Rothier sang Blue Beard well, and acted it satisfyingly. Jeanne Maubourg, as Selysette, was particularly good and "in the operatic picture"—as the stock phrase runs. And Lenora Sparkes was excellent as Ygraine. All of these wives, it will be noted, are characters from others of Maeterlinck plays.

Toscanini here again had an opportunity to show his mastery over men and music. He conducted as if he had his spurs yet to win, and this was the crucial moment. There was never a moment of let-up in his devotion to his task, and the orchestra reflected the spirit of its conductor.

In a word, then, "Ariane et Barbe-Bleue" is a feast for musical epicures and a famine for musical gluttons.

Now shift the discussion to Italy-Germany, to Wolf-Ferrari's "Il Segreto di Susanna," performed in America at the Metropolitan Opera House by the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company, on March 14. Its composer boasts a hyphenated name quite honestly. He was born in Venice, but has studied and worked chiefly in Germany. His compositions are not unknown in New York, but this charming opera made hardened opera-goers sit up and rub their ears in delight. It is a brief writing, taking something less than an hour in performance, and there are only two singing characters in it—in addition to which there is a silent character, a servant.

It is called an intermezzo, and its plot is charmingly naive, based upon the secret love which the Countess Gil has developed for a cigarette. She and the Count Gil are a loving couple, but then he has his club, and she has her lonely quarters of an hour—so she takes to the cigarette as naturally as the duck to water. He cannot, and will not, suspect his wife of such a breach, yet he detects the odor of cigarettes about the salon; and when he kisses his wife he finds still stronger traces about her lips. The inference is that she has a lover, and this suspicion is fanned into certainty when she admits that she has discovered a way of whiling away the hours while he is at the club. *Ergo,* he flies into a passion, smashes furniture and bric-a-brac, and eventually leaves for his club. No sooner is he gone than the Countess lights her cigarette. She is surprised by the Count, who burns his hands in trying to wrest her secret from her—then all is serene; the happy couple go off arm in arm, and the smiling servant lights his cigarette as the curtain falls.

Wolf-Ferrari's music is simply an exquisite scherzo in its

mood. It fairly bubbles over with merriment and emotion until the listener expects that every moment it will burst the bounds of the printed score and overflow. It is clever, musicianly, and at times brilliant, tinged by sentiment. The orchestration is effective, the composer calling upon his violins to voice the chiefest of his moods. In character it is distinctly Mozartian, and the whole work is a balm for ears wounded in the fray of listening to most modern music.

The performance was generally capital, Sammarco singing and acting the Count delightfully and artistically. Carolina White, an American who has studied abroad, made her New York début on this occasion, and showed herself to be a good actress, but made her audience wish that her voice might be lighter and much more pliable for this pretty rôle. Francesco Daddi acted the part of the silent servant beautifully, and Campanini conducted his orchestra with happy spirit. "Il Segreto di Susanna" is a sheer joy to the ear, and it should be given as often as possible.

The final one of the three novelties, "Quo Vadis?" which had its first performance in America, at Philadelphia, on March 25, was heard for the first time in New York at the Metropolitan, on April 4, with the following cast:

Lygie, Alice Zeppilli; Eunice, Lillian Grenville; Poppee, Eleonora De Cisneros; Petrone, Maurice Renaud; Neron, Vittorio Arimondi; Vinicius, Mario Guardabassi; Chilon, Hector Dufranne; Pierre, Gustave Huberdeau; Sporus, Armand Crabbe; Demas, Constantin Nicolay; the Young Nerva, Emilio Venturini; Iras, Marie Cavan; Myriam, Clotilde Bressler-Gianoli; Ursus, Walter Wheeler; Croton, Arthur Wheeler; The Mother, Alice Eversman; Nazaire, Mabel Riegelman; Lilith, Serafina Scalfaro; Psyllia, Minnie Egener; A Young Christian, Suzanne Dumesnil; Lydon, Robert Henry Perkins; Tigellin, Michele Sampieri; Vitellius, Charles Meyer; Vatinius, Desire Defrere; A Centurion, Nicola Fossetta; Pythagoie, Oliver Lucas; Theocles, Charles Meyer; A Sailor, Jean De Keyser; A Slave, George Ludwig; General Musical Director, Cleofonte Campanini.

So far as the eye is concerned, "Quo Vadis?" is a great opera. It is about as ambitious a spectacle as ever has been put on the Metropolitan boards. There are six big scenes, including one showing the Coliseum with its arena and imperial loge. But even a lovelier, if not a more imposing, view is the set painted by Paul Paquereau, showing the terraces of the Imperial Palace on the Palantine. This is also supposed to mirror a view of the burning of Rome, but the effect was lost entirely.

Still these deficiencies did not detract entirely from the grandeur of the spectacle, with its handsomely costumed principals, its animated chorus, and its many changes of scene. So, first and last, "Quo Vadis?" was a spectacle, and earned admiration for pictures and movement of masses.

But as an opera this work will never stir the world. The music is generally uninspired, and the orchestration is crude and noisy. Some of the lyric love passages are mawkish, and what is intended to be dramatic is mostly a roar of sound that does not convey much musical meaning. It all suggests the music of the theatre much more than that of the opera house. Stripped of its spectacle, it is doubtful if Nouguès' score would live very long.

Nor is the libretto by Henri Cain a masterpiece. The story is founded on the well-known novel of Henrik Sienkiewicz, and thus it was known to most opera-goers and did not involve the study of the bulky libretto. But the chief fault with the libretto is that it is episodic, that the action begins and dies with nearly every act, and that there is no great central dramatic draught through the piece.

The performance itself was more satisfying, save in some spots. Maurice Renaud, admirable artist, again had a rôle to his liking in Petrone, the worldly Roman. He acted it superbly, but his voice was strongly tinged by hoarseness. Vinicius was sung by Mario Guardabassi, who was formerly a baritone, and has sung small parts at the Metropolitan years ago. Since then he has blossomed into a tenor, has sung abroad, and on this occasion sang a tenor part for the first time in New York. He still has a vast amount to learn before he can qualify as a dramatic tenor of the first rank. His voice has its moments, but apart from them is singularly lacking in virility, and his stage bearing is minus distinction. Lillian Grenville looked enticing as the enamored slave Eunice, and she sang moderately well, but Alice Zeppilli was a keen disappointment as the Christian Lygie, her singing betraying no idea of the love and fervor that stirred her tossed soul. As the Empress Poppee, Eleanora de Cisneros was a regal picture, and Arimondi as Nero was a sight to stir even Romans. X. X.

White

Act III. Torturing Sporus in the Arena

SCENE IN JEAN NOUGUES' NEW OPERA "QUO VADIS?" AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

The Costuming of a Prima Donna

JULIET COSTUME OF TRADITION
(Ball Scene)

NEW JULIET COSTUME
(Ball Scene)

THE ragbag of bygone years still furnishes forth a covering for the backs of many rôles long-lived in the operatic repertory, no matter what good fortune may have fallen to those newer ones with which the public made acquaintance later. Because the lady whose choice gave her a costumer innocent of history and art to clothe her for a rôle that she created, that style of clothing became sacred, and traditional of the character. To darken misfortunes she may have been likely to continue.

There is conviction that is convincing in the following statement, the first given by Miss Farrar on the subject, telling the why and wherefore of her energetic revolution against the traditional in costuming:

"Dress, in an operatic rôle, is not a frivolous, but a relative subject; I think that there is as much importance in its appropriateness and individuality as there is in the singing, acting, and walking in that same rôle. A new conductor arrives, takes new tempi in a score, and is called a genius. But a singer who may have enough originality and personality to put her own ideas into a rôle unflinchingly when she interprets great composers, must be prepared to find that to think is to create a disturbance.

of type and figure unlike any other following in the part. But the deed was done, a law immutable had been established, outstaring all the years to come.

And so, from time to time, it has remained for the singer with originality and thought to shake antique sartorial reputations. "But to think is to create disturbance," is Miss Geraldine Farrar's pithy comment on the venture.

The world moves, though many things on it, to be moved at all, require a share of this same thought "creating disturbance," and none a more vitally vigorous one than the absurdity of certain traditions in costuming.

Miss Farrar's reasons for reaching conclusions in a new costuming of Juliet, Elizabeth, Zerlina, and a group of her characterizations are of interest to every opera-goer. Only the courage and enthusiasm of youth could undertake the campaign that she has made. After her, other singers will find the way an easier one; in much she is now the pioneer; her progress in this direction is

JULIET COSTUME OF MISS FARRAR'S DEBUT

"In the matter of costumes the contemporary composer is usually most lenient; when he entrusts a rôle to a prima donna he wishes her to do her best. Supposing a première is to be given at two opera houses by two prima donnas, he does not bind either one; both have equal rights. Why should the one, a brunette of medium stature, clothe herself exactly like the other who is tall and blonde? A clever woman off the stage would not be guilty of such indiscretion.

"Dress is the province of the singer who, with designer and costumer, makes a serious study of it for the rôle, and not that of the critic, who may understand the violin, the piano, and know when singing is done properly, but be totally ignorant as to whether "Le

GERALDINE FARRAR AS ELIZABETH

Mariage de Figaro' is done in Rococo or the Louis XIII period. He has much to regard in his calling, but he cannot, of necessity, go into epochs in dress as exhaustively as a designer, for instance, whose life is devoted to that single subject.

"For every item changed from the traditional I have the foundation of authority. Take, as a case in point, a hat I wear as Marguerite; it is of black velvet, shaped like that worn by Valentine, her brother, and underneath it is a little lace cap. Both are copied from a picture by Dürer in Nüremberg, where I studied it. And yet, extraordinary as the fact may seem, they have been questioned.

"The Juliet of tradition wears as one item a silver cap embroidered with pearls; in the part I do not wear it. But read up on Venice, Verona, and the Italian renaissance, and go into art galleries there, and you will find that what I *do* wear as Juliet is based on authority. The usual operatic artist takes what is handed to her, and that is the end of it; the original one reads, sees, and studies.

"Of the three dresses that I wear in 'Romeo and Juliet,' the Venetian brown brocade velvet is throughout an authentic copy, straight, no curves; those given in the photograph are a case of retouching, and do not exist in the costume. The skirt alone is not so full as in the original, for, by copying that absolutely, the figure would be deprived of the illusion of height, which, on the stage, must always be preserved. But draw in the figure in that costume with stays, and you have marred the straight line given by heavy, stiff stuffs affected in that period.

MISS GERALDINE FARRAR WEARING THE TRAVIATA COSTUME OF TRADITION

"In costumes to be worn on the stage slavish copy of any style is seldom allowable; for instance, if of the Louis XIII period, it would be so cumbersome that one could not move. Then, too, trimming short or clustering, interferes with the dramatic action, and must be eliminated; the exigencies of the stage must be considered. One must preserve the line and the effect of height, and one must have the silhouette, the outline of the curve, not the straight. Styles on that account must be often modified, but not changed, the essence of them should be kept.

"In every epoch there were pretty costumes, and those less so. From Munich, through Venice, Verona, Milan, I have studied picture after picture, taking from this one item and from that another. Each and

MISS GERALDINE FARRAR IN HER NEW TRAVIATA COSTUME

MISS FARRAR IN THE ZERLINA COSTUME OF TRADITION

all are composites, authentic in detail, of that same Italian renaissance in which period Juliet lived.

"In the ballroom scene I discarded the conventional white, in favor of a silver embroidered, delicate pink, almost colorless, because it floated better, and appeared more aerial, being less affected in the folds by the stage lights, which would have given to pure white a greater heaviness.

"To appear on the balcony in ball costume is for that scene traditional. Instead, I wear a little slip and veil. Romeo, himself, in the preceding scene below her windows, gives the impression that Juliet is disrobing. It is, too, a natural assumption that such would be done before she steps upon the terrace for a breath of air. One must be guided by the intelligence.

MISS FARRAR WEARING THE MANON COSTUME OF TRADITION

"Traditions are made to be broken—by the few. Memory is the enemy of the present. Because things have gone on in one groove, a stilted, inaccurate, maybe farcical one for years, is no reason that they should be continued so and not altered now. There are those who lie awake at night to conjure up something unusual and eccentric. But that is not making new traditions, which mean instead a supplying of something more correctly authentic than the ones existing. A grafter in music, a grafter in anything, is despicable. And that is exactly what blind, unquestioning acceptance of operatic tradition in dress means.

"Take Manon's costume in the last act of Massenet's 'Manon,' for twenty years it has consisted of a uniform and with cut hair, both to denote the convict condemned to a penal settlement. There has been no authority for prison garb. People of all conditions, fine ladies, gallants, peasants, were taken as they were. Knowing that the real Manon would have worn the dress common to her day, I have cut away from tradition, which had no foundation, and costumed the part according to truth.

MISS FARRAR IN HER NEW ZERLINA COSTUME

"The selection of stuffs is, perhaps, the most difficult branch of costuming to decide. Take those used for the Goose Girl in 'Königskinder,' as example. For weeks I experimented with cashmere, woolens, denham, a mass of fabrics, to secure the right effect, to make the character individually correct, of just the right appeal to the eye as a true picture. She would have to appear fourteen or fifteen, free, slender, supple, not held in by stays. To find materials that will keep in shape, yet fall into proper lines in these conditions, is more difficult than in the case of more elaborate costumes.

MISS FARRAR AS SHE THINKS THE PART SHOULD BE DRESSED. NEW COSTUME OF MANON

"Other Goose Girls will rise up, not fifty of them, but a favored few, who will break the

The above picture is of particular interest at the present time in view of the number of plays to be produced next season having the Sahara Desert as a background, among them being the dramatization of Robert Hichens' novel "The Garden of Allah." The Arabic looking gentlemen in the photograph shows (on the left) Avery Hopwood, the author of "Nobody's Widow," and Robert Dempster. The picture was taken on the Sahara during an expedition that the Americans made from Bisbera, Algeria

traditions that I have made in creating the part, but they will preserve the essence of those traditions. And they will hew their way over their decriers as I have done. The public will understand them as it has understood me, and it is for them that I create my best efforts.

"I cannot understand the great capacity of the critics, and their self-relegated rights in the matter of costuming. They have much besides to consider, and have not mastered the details of this art. The singer with a mind of her own is aided by two allies whose life-work is costuming, the designer and costumer. It is better to trust to the ideals of the artist, combined with those of two student specialists, than to the casual or prejudiced observer."

How Miss Farrar's evolution in developing ideals along original lines was made is interestingly shown by contrasting photographs of her earlier dressing of the rôles with those of their new costuming in present characterizations. That any degree of thought should have stirred her to fuller truth is the more curious because the earlier years of her young career were spent in an atmosphere where tradition is held in sacred reverence—the Royal Opera, of Berlin.

Those who know her well will not forget a certain night there when "Tannhäuser" was given before the Emperor, and with fresh costumes whose designs, after a visit to the Wartburg, he had personally suggested and approved. Elizabeth's dresses for this performance had been made upon a sliding scale, deep seams rendering them adjustable to all and any avoirdupois by a letting out for the stout and taking in for the lean. To appear as *that* Elizabeth, out of all focus with the one that she would be, put Miss Farrar into tears, and point-blank refusal. Only Madame Lilli Lehmann's stubborn persuasion made her sing at all.

Later, in a Madonna picture by Schwindt, she found at Munich her ideal of the saintly character as it should be given, and by following which she felt she could place visually a stage figure in keeping with the text, the music, and the legend of the woman that Elizabeth was.

To go back through the photographs of thirty years of operatic Elizabeths is to find a strange, grotesque servility to the pseudo-medieval, hard, woodeny, stagey pictures without artistic value, and inspiring one with wonder that they should have gained credence in the part at all. Madame Eames made a departure years ago, one that proved very beautiful and picturesque, but in certain points, as in the strands of pearls twined in the long braids of her hair, and where silver ribbons should have been used, of a coquetry far and away from any conception of saint or saintliness. It was a picture, but not the right one.

In copying Schwindt's canvas Miss Farrar modified it in one detail, the ermine at neck and foot she discarded, because Elizabeth, as a Landgrave's daughter, was not entitled in that age to wear it. The long, straight line of the white veil heightened the pallor of the face, and gave to it an air of aloofness, the even, straight placing of the crown barred intimation of any coquetry; serene, calm, elevated, the whole aspect was one apart from worldly things.

The earlier picture shows the (*Continued on page viii*)

Moffett, Chicago

GRACE GEORGE, NOW APPEARING AT HER HUSBAND'S THEATRE, THE PLAYHOUSE, IN A NEW COMEDY BY GERALDINE BONNER AND HUTCHESON BOYD ENTITLED "SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE"

Mishkin

EDITH TALIAFERRO, THE YOUTHFUL STAR OF "REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM"

Edith Taliaferro—A Stage Sage of Seventeen

MABEL TALIAFERRO has been compared to sugar, her small sister Edith to spice. The comparison is not inept. In the personality of the successful young star of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" there are flitting traces of the wistful sweetness that is the strongest component part of the elder of the sister stars. But in the younger this element is evanescent. What is always surely present is the gingery element, which gives to the "cookie" of our youthful recollection its strongest and most grateful flavor. Also this youngest star is a sparkling little brunette, whom to describe as a black diamond were not over-praise.

"Yes, I've learned a great deal in an eight months' season on Broadway," said the Rebecca one afternoon when the writer found the young actress at home.

Gone were the stage Rebecca's curls, her short skirts and her sunbonnet, and her absurd sunshade. This Rebecca wore a tight, nearly hobble skirt of dark blue serge, a blouse of white batiste that was all long, pin-point fine tucks, and a prim manner that threatened every moment to break into playfulness.

"At least," she continued modestly, "there has been a great deal to learn, and it is my own fault if I haven't learned it. For instance, I've learned that when we talk of our fear of critics we really mean our own family. What critics are to be feared as they are? The night I opened in the Republic Theatre—and wasn't it strange that eleven years before I had played in the

same theatre as Milly Barnes in 'Shore Acres' with James A. Herne?—I was conscious of an audience out front, but I was terribly conscious of two figures sitting in judgment, my sister up aloft in a box, my mother in a middle aisle seat in the front row. There were my inescapable critics. On the road I had been self-reliant and confident. They were not there. But to-night I could not throw down Rebecca's doll things or sun-shade and run away. I could see them both, inexorable as fate. Oh yes, I can see persons in the audience, far back. I have X-ray eyes.

"Bob Acres's courage did not ooze faster than mine. You see the memory of my opening in "Rebecca" at Brockton, Mass. was still vivid. I followed another actress after five rehearsals. Her clothes didn't fit me. And in the middle of the performance all the lights went out. Brockton, Brockton, can I ever hope to forget you? There my mother came back and told me I had given such a bad performance that she was ashamed of me.

"But on the opening night at the Republic, in New York, Mabel came back after each act and told me I was all right. That gave me courage to crawl on again. All my fears began to converge upon one point. Was I standing straight? If I was not, Mabel would scold me. I've learned lessons in acting and stage deportment from a great many stars, but none was more relentlessly dinned into my ears than Mabel's 'Stand straight, Honey. Don't thrust out your tummy that horrid way.' And 'Little sister, please don't drawl.' All through the evening I suffered what we call the Taliaferro kind of stage sickness. Our voices don't betray us and our hands don't tremble, but our knees knock together and, here on the solar plexus, there is a deathlike clutch. I went on with a roaring in my ears and the thought, 'If I can only get out the first word the rest will come.' One of the things I have learned in this long season in New York is that no matter how long the run, how great the success of a New York season, one pays for it all with the agony of the first night.

Mishkin

EDITH TALIAFERRO'S CHARACTERISTIC SMILE

"I've learned a great deal about the snobbishness that follows success. People who used to know me as Mabel Taliaferro's little sister, and in that way didn't trouble about me, began sending urgent invitations to Rebecca. I answered them all in the same way: 'My sister is away, but when she returns we will both be glad to see you as formerly.'

EDITH TALIAFERRO AS A CHILD

"I've learned, as I never had an opportunity of learning before, the genuineness and beauty of the characters of really great persons. When sweet Miss Ellen Terry, following what is, I suppose, the English custom, came down to the footlights herself and handed me a bunch of violets, I was overcome by this lesson of the humility of greatness. When I carried the bouquet to my dressing-room,

White | Patsy Moran (Paul Kelly) | Rev. J. J. Bartlett (Orrin Johnson) | Mrs. Mary Bartlett (Olive West) | Rose Creighton (Helen Holmes) | Andrew Strong (Jack Drumier) | Thomas Bartlett (Harold Vosburgh)

Act I. Rev. J. J. Bartlett: "Wait!—What is your evidence?"

SCENE IN JAMES HALLECK REID'S PLAY "THE CONFESSION," RECENTLY PRESENTED AT THE BIJOU THEATRE

I found that around the natural violets were placed some artificial moss roses. She had placed them there so that I might keep them as a souvenir of her. Whenever I feel an unhealthy elation at any foolish little triumph, I shall look at those artificial roses and unflate. Then there was lovely Miss Mary Moore. When she sent me word that the one person, whom she had seen on this visit to New York, who had made her laugh and made her cry was 'Little Miss Taliaferro,' I had another lesson in the beauty of humility.

"I have learned, as I never had a chance to learn before, how much can be gained by going to plays and studying the methods of actors. The girl who has been on tour nearly all her life—for I'm an old actress of fifteen years' experience you know—has no chance of seeing others at work. In the play 'Over Night,' a very funny play, I was almost made to cry by the leading woman. She cried herself so cleverly when the boat swung down stream leaving her bridegroom behind. And in 'The Seven Sisters' Miss Laurette Taylor taught me a great deal by her naturalness. In 'The Concert' Miss Janet Beecher taught me a great deal about refinement and quietude."

There was a ring at the telephone in the pretty little green flat, and the little star sprang up to answer it.

"Yes, mamma. I'm fine, honey; how are you? Yes, I have a hat. Yes, my dress will be home Thursday. I think you'll like it. All right, dear. Thank you. Good-bye."

Mrs. James Abeles, of Long Beach, L. I., formerly Mrs. Anna Taliaferro, of New York, had telephoned for news of her bairn, who is being carefully chaperoned this winter by one of her cousins.

"The new dress will be a long one?"

"Oh yes," she answered. "My dresses have all been long since I was thirteen. I had to let down my skirts and put up my hair to play in 'Mrs. Wiggs,' and I have been wearing them so ever since." This said as if conscious of her new dignity.

Rebecca told me with the brilliant Rebecca smile, though tears trembled on her eyelashes, of the most human event that had happened during the long run of the play at the Republic Theatre.

"The author sat behind a poor looking man and his wife and child at the matinée. They were not the gay, prosperous sort of people we expect to see at the theatre. Their clothes were clean but very worn, and hadn't the remotest acquaintance with fashion. The little girl, who was about ten, was terribly excited. She sat first beside her father, then they shifted seats so that she could sit beside her mother. At last she settled down between the two. When the curtain had gone down on the last act, Mrs. Riggs heard the child say:

"'Oh mamma, aren't you glad we decided to do without a new hat so that we could see the play?'

"And the poor little thing had been pitying me because I wore such an awful hat in the play. Mrs. Riggs—Kate Douglas Wiggin, you know—said she wished they were the kind of people to whom you could give the price of the tickets, but they were not. She could see they would resent it.

"One of the things I've learned this winter is that children are the hardest audiences to please. They are quick to detect what is not natural, and they laugh when the voice or the sentiment are off the key.

"I've learned, too, what I had only had glimpses of before, the actual need of saving every ounce of your strength for your work. I think Miss Adams is a wonderful example of making her work the first consideration. She is a woman with an absolutely single purpose. I have heard some say that you cannot learn life through books, and I suppose that is true. But life can be learned by insight instead of experience, and Miss Adams' work shows that she has the genius of insight. What she lacks

through losing contact with people she makes up by her intense concentration upon her work. But there's a commercial reason, too, for seclusion like hers. Take two men, Smith and Jones. They have the same talents and the same amount of outward success. But Smith is seen everywhere and Jones nowhere. People say 'Smith's a nice fellow, but what about Jones?' Others answer 'I don't know Jones.' After awhile Jones becomes a mystery, and everybody wants to know about him. That is success. In five years Jones will be far ahead in the race, and the ubiquitous Smith forgotten.

"Another truth it has taken me this year to learn is that whatever the play, whoever the star and the company, every production is one man, and that man is the manager.

"I had a youthful disregard for the stage-manager. That has been driven out of me by this season's experience. I consider Mr. Marsland a genius. If he seems a bit gruff sometimes, and if he says 'Edith, that scene was bad,' I listen and act upon his suggestions, because he knows.

"I've learned something about the cast, too; that is, the important person in the cast isn't the star, for his or her part is made a good one. The star has a chance. The important person in the cast is the actor with a bad part who plays it well."

The actual first appearance on the stage of this seventeen-year-old star occurred when she was two and a half. She had been engaged by James A. Herne, with whom her sister, five years and seven months older, had formerly played. But the acute Mr. Herne dreaded the baby who hadn't been stage broken. "Let her be farmed out," he ordered, and thus it came about that the child first set foot, or more correctly, knee, upon the stage with Katie Emmet in "The Bowery Boy." That memory does not travel farther back along the path of the years than the fifth mile post, Miss Taliaferro laughingly scouts. "I know I was only two and a half then. The family Bible proves it. And I remember distinctly sitting on top of a pile of apples while a lot of Italian boys danced around me.

"This I don't remember, but it is one of the family traditions. One evening I wouldn't go on. I held to a chair in the dressing-room and couldn't be budged. At last my mother pretended to set the dog on me, and I ran on in a hurry. That will be a fine story for the anti-stage child people, won't it? But I am more than contented to have been a stage child. As such I learned in fifteen years more of what it is best to know than I could have learned in twice that time at school. And I think it is the experience of every other stage child."

Miss Taliaferro, when in the Herne companies, with Olga Nethersole, with Mrs. Wiggs and with "The Girl with the Green Eyes," as Puck in "A Mid-summer Night's Dream," and when she succeeded her sister as the star in "Polly of the Circus," has always been chaperoned, either by her mother, or a friend, or in some engagements by an elderly maid. While playing at the Republic such a maid has always gone with her from the theatre to her cousin's home. If Rebecca's travels extend to London the elderly maid will play the good-natured dragon at the world's metropolis.

One of the dark-eyed little star's daily tasks, the long walk beside the Hudson, had just been compassed under the eye of the maid. The other inexorable one, practicing the twice-a-week music lesson, "for my speaking voice," remained to be done.

As I, leaving, told her I hoped London would like Rebecca as well as New York had done, she answered with a brightening of courageous brown eyes:

"I hope so. They liked Mrs. Wiggs. They like us eccentric, you know. They are so perfect in diction and the details of acting that I would be frightened if I allowed myself to be. I think the way to please them will not be to attempt any of the elegances which they know so well, but to be sincere and honest, and play straight from the shoulder."

Which is a wise dictum for acting on any stage, in any clime, though uttered as in this instance by a sage of only seventeen.

ADA PATTERSON.

White

E. P. Dustin (Bigelow Cooper) — Josef Dumont (James Halleck Reid) — Andrew Strong (Jack Drumier) — John Peabody (Prysl Mackaye) — Rev. J. J. Bartlett (Orrin Johnson) — C. H. Blackburn (W. J. Brady)

Act III. Josef Dumont: "No, I not get arrest! I go back Rivier San-Law-raw, Canada"

SCENE IN JAMES HALLECK REID'S PLAY "THE CONFESSION" AT THE BIJOU THEATRE

Playhouse Reminiscences

THE interesting "Older Manhattan" reminiscences, now appearing from time to time in one of the big dailies, are awakening all sorts of slumbering memories in us elderly inhabitants; recollections of the old-fashioned German and Italian operas and operatic stars, of old-time actors, plays and playhouses, in which the scenery was less sumptuous, costumes less historically correct, stage machinery less reliable. And one is reminded of certain ludicrous happenings in connection with stage properties and their manipulation, which many of us may recall.

As when "Il Trovatore" was given at the old Academy of Music with that phenomenal cast,—Parepa Rosa, Phillips, Santley and Theodore Wachtel,—and Herr Wachtel having ended his fourth "di quella pira" encore, turned to find that the curtain had been let down *behind* instead of in front of him; which seemed to strike no one as particularly funny until the irascible German tenor brought his sword wildly, and with resounding thwacks, down upon the offending surface, when the packed house fairly rocked with laughter as well as applause.

MLLE. TORRIANI
Danseuse Metropolitan Opera House

It was in the same Academy that Parepa Rosa as Norma sat down upon the low couch (upon which slumbered her babies) less carefully than her generous proportions demanded; for, after a crackling sound, there was a partial collapse, from which Norma arose with some difficulty and the help of a stage-hand; but such was the grandeur of her voice and the charm of her delightful personality, that there was hardly a titter, and the melodious old opera flowed smoothly on to its tragic ending.

Not so fortunate was the *German* Norma—was it Rotter? or possibly Johannsen? at the old Stadt-Theater on the Bowery, when confronted by Adelgisa leading the Druidess' tender babes. The latter were stage children, and so "to the manner born" that they allowed themselves to be embraced, repulsed, sung and wept over without turning a hair. When, however, Norma starts forward realistically flourishing cold and glittering steel,—which dagger had been only indicated, not really produced, at several successful rehearsals,—one babe backed up so strenuously that he sat down with a thump, while the other one slid nimbly from under Adalgisa's enfolding arm, fled across the stage, and—pausing at the wings to solemnly wag his curly head at his Druid-Mother, and to call out earnestly and with increasing emphasis: "Nein, *nein*, NEIN!"—incontinently disappeared. Amid shouts of laughter and deafening applause the aria was somehow repeated; but the scene was ruined by constantly recurring reminiscent peals of delight from parquet and galleries.

Back in the early '60s Herr Habelmann and Frau Rotter used to present very acceptable German opera at the Brooklyn Athenæum, where scenery was slender and stage-room much restricted; and it was in Weber's "Preciosa" that the tenor, while tunefully explaining *whom* he adored, and *why*, turned his head suddenly to emphasize his statement, and in so doing stuck his long white plume plumb into the flaming torch of a follower. No panic followed, but there was an unpleasant, penetrating odor of burnt feathers, as another doughty retainer—with great presence of mind and a brave disregard of consequences—slapped out the incipient conflagration; the audience laughing loudly a while, and then going back to the enjoyment of the beautiful music.

Even more presence of mind, and the very bravest regard for possible consequences, were shown by the Nancy in a very creditable semi-amateur production of "Martha" in the old Music Hall—I think that's the name?—which used to stand at the junction of Fulton Street and Flatbush Avenue, where nowadays a big up-to-date furniture store displays its handsome wares. Nancy, warbling mellifluously,—and that in a pink tarletan dress; about the most inflammable thing a girl *could* wear,—had stepped too near the primitive gas-flame footlights, and set one of her flounces afire. There was an instantaneous *very* respectable blaze, which the plucky contralto—promptly squatting on the floor and quietly finishing her aria the while—slapped out before even the first of the score of men flying to her help from all over the parquet could get to her. Realizing the possible extent of the catastrophe averted by Nancy's admirable coolness,—the hall being a veritable fire-trap, its narrow wings and approaches thronged with

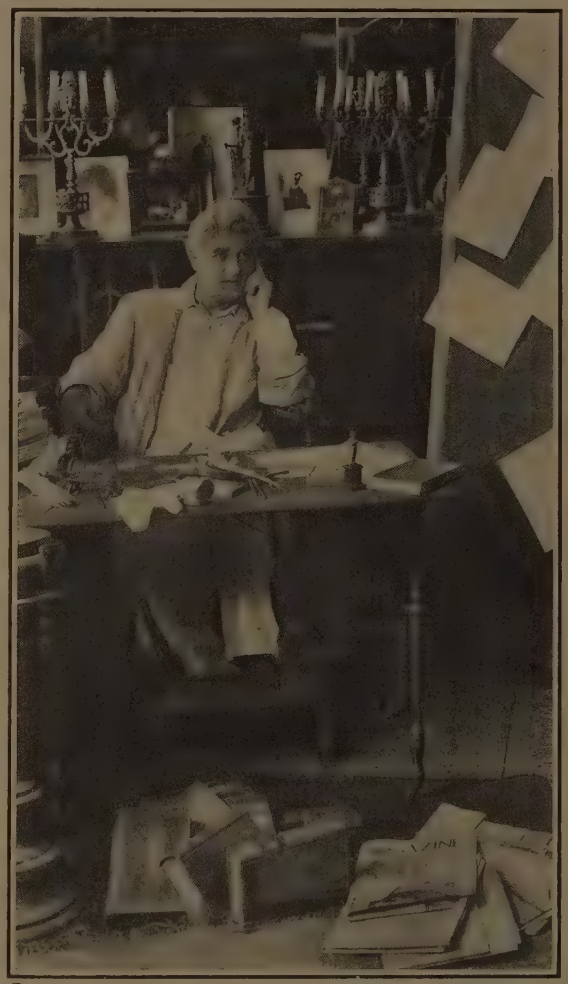
(*Continued on page vi*)

Baker Art Gallery

MARIE BOOTH RUSSELL AS GONERIL IN "KING LEAR" AT THE NEW THEATRE

David Belasco Attacks Stage Tradition

DAVID BELASCO has volunteered to perform a difficult task for the American theatre. His prospectus is so bold, and the causes that lead to present conditions in the playhouse, which he would remedy, are so difficult to eliminate, that what he says is of particular significance. Briefly, he has promised, wherever possible, to discourage the laugh and finally to destroy it. He would eliminate all that is now popularly supposed to create dramatic "atmosphere," and what is technically known to the stage as "action." As a producer of each of these hackneyed details of the play, Belasco has long been a leading figure in America. But he has reformed — or rather he has passed through an evolution with his audiences, as he prefers to express it. To the writer he said the other day:



Byron

DAVID BELASCO IN HIS STUDY

"American audiences are likely to be more intelligent, and are almost certain to be more keenly alive and more receptive to progressive ideas than the producers of plays. This keeps us on the alert, for a producer's first duty is to endeavor to keep a little ahead of his audience. All of us realize that our stage is not just what it should be; we are constantly moving forward, however, I am certain of that. Despite the word of many of their admirers to the contrary notwithstanding, Booth, Barrett, McCullough, Forrest, and the other 'giants of old,' could not please and satisfy modern audiences if it were possible for them to return to our stage in all their former vigor of life and the full flower of their talents. Our drama has taken rapid strides since those men trod the boards. Sometimes they say the American audience is not loyal to its old heroes of the drama, but I do not think this is true. The audience is loyal, but it demands, and has a right to demand, that the men who provide its theatrical entertainment shall have what might be called a dissatisfaction with their achievements, which serves as a constant impetus to effort and progress.

"It took me many years to get my foothold as a producer, but when I did, I realized that the audience must be my principal study. Then I soon realized that the audience has not only a willingness, but a real desire for better things. I have been criticized for producing the first act of 'Zaza' as I did, exposing the old-fashioned stage tricks of making thunder and lightning by shaking a sheet of iron, and by similar awkward devices. I am willing to meet this criticism, for I did it all purposely, and that seems never to have been surmised by my critics. It was never for a moment my intention to pull down the veil that should, and does, exist between the audience and the stage picture. This veil exists at the footlights, has always been there, and will never be wholly drawn aside. But I was experimenting with the people who pay their money to witness dramatic entertainment. I thought that the day had arrived when they could no longer be thrilled or fooled into believing that there was adequate similarity between the noise of a sheet of iron and actual thunder, or between an electric flash and lightning. It may have been a little trick at the expense of some of the other producers, too, but at any rate my principal aim was to get information.

"So I gave away that and other formulas for 'realistic effects.' Feeling that the audience would like to see how its grandparents had been fooled, I exposed the old games in 'Zaza,' and I was correct in my suppositions. The audience enjoyed it all immensely, and, of course, these particular tricks were quickly sent to the theatrical junk-pile for all time. Everyone knows how thunder, lightning, and similar things are produced, if they are done badly, and naturally and rightly, audiences demand better effects than their grandfathers witnessed.

"Now I have been conducting other experiments, and have come to the conclusion that audiences sanction my efforts to eliminate the laugh, physical stage action, and all the artificialities that are supposed to contribute to atmosphere. At the time of the rehearsals of Mr. Hopwood's play, 'Nobody's Widow,' I watched carefully for what are technically known as 'laughs'—places in the comedy where the action might be interfered with by

Bangs

IVY TROUTMAN, RECENTLY SEEN AS AGGIE IN "BABY MINE" AT DALY'S THEATRE

laughter in the audience, audible laughter that would cause the actors to hesitate with their lines until it had subsided. Although it is the old-fashioned idea to strive to produce the laugh, if one is playing for comedy, and even to force the laugh on occasion, I decided to risk the fates, because I believed that audiences were ready for this move. There is no doubt that the comedy which produces a radiating and smiling humor and happy mood over the footlights has accomplished just as much, and probably more, towards the real pleasure of the audience than the one which halts and hesitates for an uproar of laughter now and then, only to settle back into cold, grey proceedings until the next outburst. So where we felt pretty sure, that following all the traditions, a laugh might be expected, we either agreed to eliminate lines, or to alter scenes and accelerate the action, so that dangerous points of this kind were passed over and the audience was conveyed with a smile to what directly followed, in its proper sequence and without hesitancy.

"It was a daring thing to do, perhaps, but it was successful, and it pleased me immensely, for I came forth from that representation with a firmer belief than ever before in the ability of the audience to grasp even these rather invisible attempts to improve our stage and our acting. It was unnecessary for the audience to know all the little tricks of the trade; all they cared for was results, and they have proved to be so thoroughly satisfied, that I believe I am safe in declaring that the tendency will be hereafter to shun the laugh and produce more smiles in the theatre.

"Before I produced 'The Concert,' I was determined to experiment in the matter of action. It is impossible to tell the origin of the stage-manager's popular conception of this detail of a production, but certain it is that we have become accustomed to seeing things that are not only ridiculous, but actually produce a jar upon all artistic endeavor, and contribute a tendency to retrogression rather than to progress in the conduct of our stage. There seems to have been always a notion that audiences do not care to see actors behave themselves as human beings behave. It naturally makes us of this generation smile when we think of the rant and shouting, and most undignified and unnatural actions of the Thespians of the past. Just recall the roarings of Forrest and his school of actors, and think of what the audience of to-day would say of him. We have gradually evolved into a liking for better things; we are always moving towards naturalism. But we have never been able to throw off the delusion that so-called 'action' is a necessity. Very good actors of our time are seen pacing the floor of their drawing-rooms, when entertaining their guests. They hop up and walk over to mantelpieces, lean on chairs, gaze into mirrors, and do all sorts of things that the most ill-bred persons would not think of doing under the same circumstances in real life. What, for example, would we think of two men talking over an important matter in the library, if they should, at given intervals, jump up, exchange chairs, and pace back and forth, addressing their conversation to the 'fourth-wall' rather than to one another? And yet that is exactly what we have been tolerating on our stage all this time.

Davis & Sanford

DOROTHY DONNELLY

Now appearing in "Madame X," and to be seen next season in a new play

"Now it occurred to me that the time had come to give audiences at least one chance to witness a play with all of these things eliminated. I am confident that 'action' on the stage is wholly mental, and not at all physical. Acting on this principle, I eliminated every movement in 'The Concert' that did not seem natural. When two men sat down to talk things over, I had them sit there as they would have done if another wall had cut off the stage from the audience, and they didn't move until they would naturally have moved. There was no striving for 'keeping up the action' of which we hear so much; in fact, I took the risk of going to the other extreme. Now I am free to admit that it would have been a blow to me and my faith in audiences if this piece had not succeeded; but it did succeed, so I feel more certain than ever before that I am right when I say that American audiences are through with all of these things on the stage that are false, when compared to the realities of life."

Belasco smiles and blinks his eyes with boyish enthusiasm when talking of his experiments with audiences. These experiments are costly, and would be precarious if not guided by a masterly hand and the result of years of observation and study. One instinctively compares him to Luther Burbank. His theories of progress in the theatre, like Burbank's in the garden, are not iconoclastic, although they are frequently startling in bold initiative and remarkable results. The actors are his seeds and plants; the audience is his soil. He studies the region before the footlights and behind the footlights with the same minute and penetrating skill. As Burbank takes the ripening flower, and from it produces a new species, giving a different color and flavor to the fruit, so Belasco takes dramatic talent and, by the magic wand of professional skill, grafts upon it here and there, and now and then, a progressive idea that transforms its beauty into something more rare, and the audience receives it willingly, even gladly, extending to it the nurturing praise and appreciation that cause it to thrive, as Burbank's new plants are welcomed by the moist, warm soil that he has prepared to advance them along the road of progress.

White

ELSIE FERGUSON AND ORME CALDARA IN CHARLES NIRDLINGER'S NEW PLAY "DOLLY MADISON"

If one thing more than another has been noted in the Belasco productions of the past, it is probably the "atmosphere" of plays. His mastery in this particular realm of dramatic creation has often been ascribed to trickery, and by cleverly manipulated lights, gorgeous stage pictures, expensive properties and what-not, he has perhaps held himself open to this accusation. If guilty, however, he declares that he has reformed, although, of course, he meets the charge with emphatic denial.

"The time has passed," he said to me in reply to a question, "when to give the audience a hint of the 'atmosphere' of a southern drama, for instance, we must have coons singing, a banjo strumming, and a pale moon shining through moss-hung trees. 'Atmosphere' exists in the externals only as an accompanying force. The real atmosphere of the drama must come from within the actors, it must be a part of their artistic consciousness. Give me a plain board room, and if I have the competent actors I will show you 'atmosphere' of any period of history and any location on earth. But to produce the real Norwegian atmosphere of an Ibsen play, for instance, it is necessary to have more than a plain house interior and an open window through which rocky scenery and perhaps a fjord can be seen, while the actors are convincingly American, French or German in temperament and manner, acknowledging their deficiencies, but excusing them with the explanation that Ibsen is universal, and not confined by the boundaries of geography.

"Ibsen should be represented by Norwegians or other north of Europe peoples, or at least by actors who either have or understand the northern temperament. And this applies to other authors and other actors, in my opinion. If I am to produce a play in a period of French history, I will exhaust every possible means of becoming better acquainted with that period. And this I will try to have my actors do also, for unless they have the 'atmosphere' none of the externals of stage settings can produce it. I believe in having real things on the stage instead of artificial properties, not so much for the audience to see as for actual contact with the actors. If everything on the stage is Spanish, and the actors are thoroughly steeped in the atmosphere, they will radiate it, and there comes the real artistry, the thing for which it seems to me producers should be working."

ARCHIE BELL.

Passing of New York's Oldest Playhouse

WHEN the auctioneer's hammer dropped on the Thalia Theatre, on April 11 last, the curtain of one of the most famous playhouses in this country was rung down for the last time.

The Thalia, formerly known as the Bowery Theatre, is the oldest playhouse in the city, and on its historic boards two of the most celebrated of American players, Edwin Forrest and Charlotte Cushman, made their first appearance.

"Its longevity," says a writer in the *Evening Sun*, "has been remarkable, for while its contemporaries of the early later days have closed up their doors and succumbed to the city's advancement, this playhouse has stuck persistently to its post for almost eighty-five years. True, it has burned down so often that the count has been lost,—at least, each new chronologist digs up more fires to its credit,—but the playhouse has always bobbed serenely up again. On one occasion—back in the '20s—the doors were thrown back for business just ninety days after the building was cleaned up by fire.

"Yet although the theatre has been kept so persistently open, the quality of amusement has changed—deteriorated and grown grimy with its environment. But it has always been a popular theatre, and so perhaps the transition was natural from the literary knifings of Shakespearian plays to the cruder but equally t'rillin' strokes of the 'Desperate Desmond' school.

"The playhouse, famous for its important débuts, should receive credit at this time for the début of the harem skirt. For in 1827 the celebrated Mme. Huntin descended on New York in full ballet costume. On her first appearance the audience, blushing to the roots of its curls and ringlets, went scampering out of the theatre. And it was afterward necessary for Mme. Huntin to dance in 'Turkish trousers.' This, however, was a long time ago—on the Bowery.

"The theatre first was built on the site of an old tavern and cattle market called 'The Bull's Head.' The property belonged to Henry Astor. In 1826, when it was completed, it was thought to be the last word in theatrical grandeur. It was, in fact, the first playhouse in the city to be lighted by gas. Its interior finishings, as well as the row of huge columns in front of the building, were considered unrivaled. These columns, however, as now reproduced, in spite of their smudges and cracks, are very impressive to-day. The auditorium, said to have seated 3,000 persons, was then the largest in the United States—and, indeed, there are few which exceed that capacity to-day.

"The house was opened on October 23, 1826, under the management of Charles Gilfert, with the double bill of Holcroft's 'Road to Ruin,' and the farce, 'Raising the Wind.' For in those days folks went to the theatre about sundown to make a good, solid night of it. They were universally offered two plays—some slight appetizer like 'Virginius,' before bringing on the strong meat of 'Lear.' The tragedies, moreover, were not then pruned and slashed to accommodate the Jersey trains; but six unexpurgated acts, with their six scenes apiece, were played out to an honest finish.

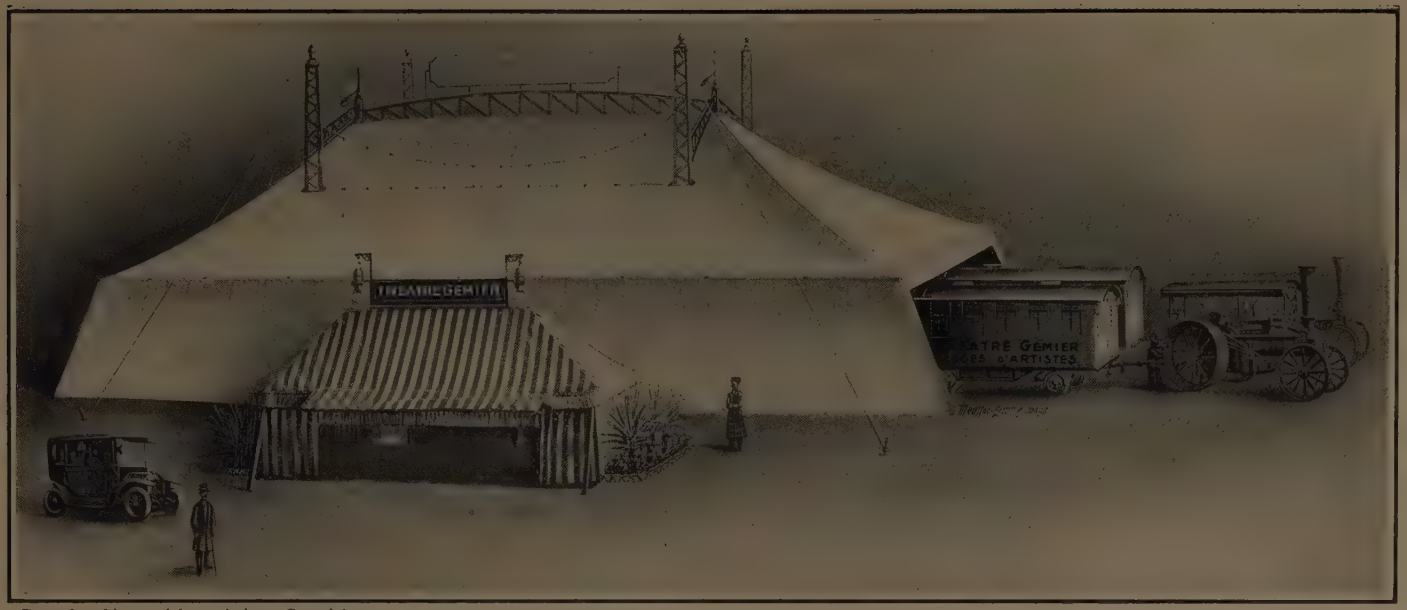
Byron THE THALIA THEATRE
It was found impossible to get a front view of the building owing to the elevated railroad structure

"The stock company at the time of the opening included Edwin Forrest, Mr. and Mrs. George Barret, Mr. and Mrs. Duff, and Mr. and Mrs. Young. Edwin Forrest's first appearance as a tragedian, in fact, occurred here on November 18 of that same year.

"Hackett and Hamblin took over the management after a few months, and changed the name to the Bowery Theatre. Under them the elder Chapman made his New York début as Richard III. During that same engagement, when properties were less exacting, he stalked on the stage as the ghost of Hamlet's father, clothed in tin armor and broad-rimmed spectacles. Mme. Celeste also made her first American appearance here, as did Cornelius Logan, father of Eliza, Olivia and Celia Logan.

"The playhouse burned down in 1828 and, when it had been built up again in ninety days, Edwin Forrest made an address in honor of the reopening. In 1829

(Continued on page vii)



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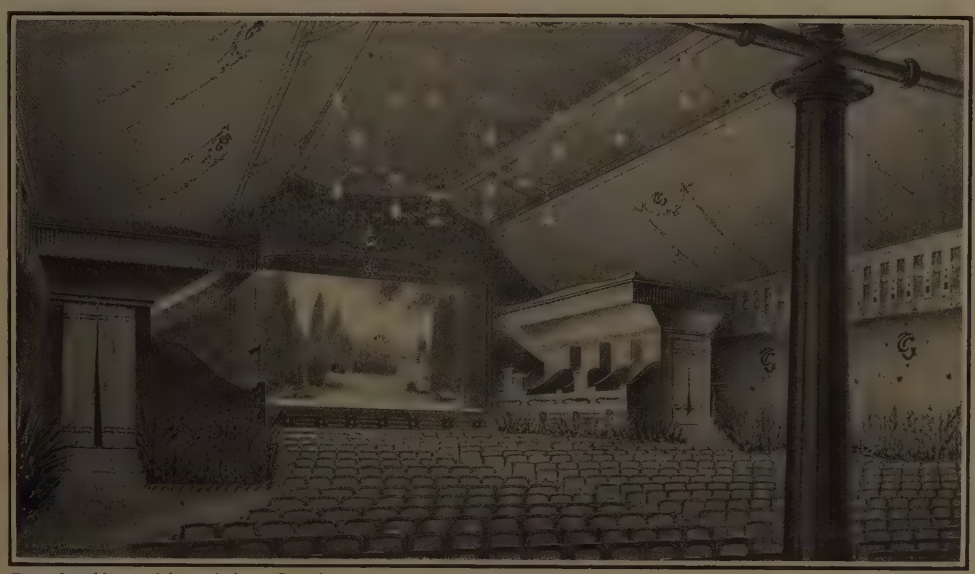
EXTERIOR VIEW OF GEMIER'S AUTOMOBILE THEATRE ALL SET UP AND READY FOR A PERFORMANCE

The two cars, side by side on the right, are backed on to the rear of the stage to be used as actors' dressing-rooms

An Automobile Theatre

AN experiment is about to be made in France which will be of special interest to theatrical producers and playgoers everywhere. It is nothing less than the application of the modern automobile to the needs of the traveling theatrical company, and a scheme has been evolved by which a troupe can carry not only its own scenery, lights, costumes, etc., but even its own auditorium.

The plan of giving theatrical performances under a tent is far from being new. Canvas has always been the home of the circus, and only recently such a distinguished artiste as Sarah Bernhardt was compelled to have recourse to a tent when denied admission to the theatres of the Syndicate. Centuries ago, at the very beginnings of drama, the nomadic player flourished under canvas. Nor is the idea of a stage on wheels startlingly novel in itself. Thespis, the inventor of the tragic art, when banished from Athens by the severity of Solon, journeyed all over Greece with his actors in a cart known ever since as "The Chariot of Thespis." Phineas T. Barnum and his imitators carried out the same idea on a colossal scale, the Greatest Show on Earth traveling to every corner of the United States, and forming an extraordinary caravan of special cars almost equal in size and importance to that of an army on the march. From these early beginnings to this latest innovation of a metropolitan theatre company, with theatre complete, being whisked from place to place by automobile is, of course, but a step.



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THE AUDITORIUM

Two cars are placed on the right and left of the stage and first rows of orchestra stalls, so as to give two rows of four boxes each

Utilizing the automobile for theatrical purposes originated in the brain of Firmin Gémier, the clever comedian and experienced director of the Théâtre Antoine, Paris. For several years it has been M. Gémier's custom, during the summer months, when his company played scattered engagements in the provinces, to join it in various towns, he taking flying roundabout trips in his machine for that purpose. He was discouraged on finding everywhere the same commonplace municipal theatre, with its dusty and worn velvet chairs, its inadequate stage facilities, scanty scenery, and, at the end of the performance, the local treasurer demanding from 40 to 70 per cent. of the receipts in return for the miserable accommodations. After submitting to the imposition for a long time, M. Gémier began to ask himself if it would not be possible to adapt the automobile to his purpose and organize a traveling theatre with a brilliantly lighted, attractive auditorium, a large stage, properly equipped and with newly painted scenery in which a homogeneous company, feeling itself quite at home, would be able to present good plays under the same conditions in which they are

(*Continued on page vi*)

From *L'Illustration*

THE TWO TRAINS AS THEY APPEAR WHILE TRAVELING ON THE ROAD

Richard Strauss' New Opera a Triumph of Art

RICHARD STRAUSS' new opera, "Der Rosenkavalier" ("The Rose Cavalier"), produced for the first time in Dresden late in January, still holds the boards with tremendous success. Even today, two months after the *première,* it is impossible to secure seats for the performances, so great is the public demand to see this new work, declared by the critics to be a "triumph of art." Fred C. Whitney has secured the American rights to the opera, which will probably be heard here early next season. Dr. Strauss is reported to have said that he had achieved what he had been trying to do for twenty-five years; that is, to compose a light opera in the manner of Mozart. One of the most striking features of the opera is the number of waltzes it contains, and in the whole score, which is full of brightness and melody, the composer of "Salome" and "Elektra" has shown his wonderful versatility. The London *Times* says: "This last work of Strauss contains some of the most beautiful music the composer has yet written. The style alternates between the extreme simplicity and Dr. Strauss' wonted complexity. In a work of this character the representative theme has not the same importance as elsewhere, but the most distinctive phrases can be traced without much labor, and they form a large part of the musical texture. Octavian's theme is the purest Strauss, and conveys ingeniously in two bars the dash and tenderness of the character. Sophie's theme is colorless like herself. There are two graceful melodies, which seem to belong to the Field Marshal's wife. The Baron's love-song bears a resemblance to Falstaff's music (Verdi). Another of the themes reminds one strongly of Sancho Panza's, in the composer's 'Don Quixote.' The work is full of exuberant vitality and freshness of invention. About one-fifth of the music is waltz rhythm, of which Dr. Strauss shows great mastery." The Berlin *Borsen Courrier* declares the work to be "A triumph of art. Sceptics were converted, opponents overwhelmed. It is not only the Mozartian grace, the Viennese love of the waltz, the melodious purity, the unexpectedly simple presentation, in a setting of rich orchestral tone; it is the musically turning back to independent song and to ensemble art with new and light-sounding means."

RICHARD STRAUSS
Composer of "Der Rosenkavalier," "Salome," "Elektra," etc.

The first performance of this "Komodie für Musik," as the authors describe it, took place at the Royal Opera House, Dresden, on Thursday evening, January 26th, with all the éclat that has marked the début on the operatic stage of each of Strauss' works. The comedy is a love story in three acts, the scene being laid in Vienna during the reign of Maria Theresa, about the middle of the eighteenth century. It is the joint work of Dr. Strauss and Herr Hugo von Hoffmansthal, who were also responsible for "Elektra." There are eight principal rôles, and more than twenty others, which include minor parts for eight tenors, eight bassos, and two alto voices.

The Cavalier of the Rose is a young man named Octavian, who is appointed, in accordance with the custom of the time, to convey the love token to the bride-elect. The composer's reason for assigning the hero's part to a female voice is apparent in the first act. The scene on which the curtain first rises is the bed-chamber of Princess Werdenberg, wife of Field Marshal Prince Werdenberg. The Field Marshal is absent on military duty. The Princess is *en dèshabille,* and a young lad, Octavian, who is only a little over seventeen years old, is in the room with her. The two sing a duet, *Why Is It Day?* A little negro boy brings in the early breakfast, and the first waltz is now played by the orchestra. During the solo by Octavian, which next follows, a commotion is heard in the corridor. Is it caused by the return of the Prince? Fearing this, and while the second waltz is being played, Octavian dives behind the screen to return shortly after in the dress of a lady's maid. Instead of the Prince it is Baron Ochs von Lerchenau, a cousin of the Princess,—a degraded kind of Falstaff and, in fact, an altogether odious character,—who considers he is demeaning himself by marrying Sophie von Faninal, daughter of a wealthy and recently ennobled army contractor. He has come, however, to ask the Princess to recommend a well-born gentleman to convey his love token—a silver rose—to the bride-elect. The Baron is immediately struck with the maid's good looks, and begins to make love to her without delay. The three sing a trio, and the Baron, before he ultimately departs,

Scenes in Richard Strauss' New Opera "Der Rosenkavalier"

Photo Lander and Labisch

ACT I. THE PRINCESS AND HER LOVER

The scene, laid in old Vienna at the time of Marie Theresa, opens in the bedroom of the Princess Werdenberg. Her tête-a-tête, during her husband's absence, with a youthful lover, Count Octavian, is interrupted by an elderly relative, the Baron Ochs von Lerchenau. He announces his betrothal to Sophie von Faninal, and is seeking a

Photo Lander and Labisch

ACT III. SOPHIE AND THE RIVAL LOVERS

"rose cavalier" to hand the bride, as the custom was, a silver rose, which corresponded somewhat to an engagement ring. Count Octavian, who, before the Baron was admitted, had disguised himself as a chambermaid, afterwards acts as the Rose Cavalier. He also loves Sophie von Faninal, and eventually all comes right and he marries her.

Jean Aylwin Dorothy Jardon Mizzi Hajos Kitty Gordon

FOUR OF THE ARTISTES NOW APPEARING AT THE NEW WINTER GARDEN, NEW YORK

plans a meeting with the Princess' supposed servant. While the Princess is recommending Octavian to the Baron for the office of the "Rosenkavalier," many callers arrive as well as numerous applicants for the Princess' favors. Among them are three noble orphans who have come to ask for charity, and who are repeatedly interrupted by the entrance of the dressmaker. There also appear upon the scene a man named Valzacchi, and his female companion Annani, who, it seems, are proprietors of the *Schwarze Zeitung*, and keen recipients of gossip of any sort, especially matrimonial. A flute player and a tenor singer amuse the Princess while her hair is being curled. The Baron and his suite return during the song, and the former squabbles with the Notary over the marriage settlement, which causes the *Schwarze Zeitung* couple to offer their services to the Baron. As soon as Ochs takes his second departure there ensues a love scene between the Princess and Octavian, in which the Field Marshal's wife tells him that she will allow him to carry the silver rose to Sophie, though she knows what will happen in consequence.

The scene of Act II takes place in the house of Herr von Faninal, newly ennobled, though certainly not one of Nature's noblemen. His daughter Sophie, fresh from school, is awaiting the Baron's arrival. But first, with a flourish of trumpets, comes the bearer of the rose, and between Octavian and Sophie a charming interview takes place. Sophie is attended by her duenna, Marianne. During the presentation Baron Ochs enters, and his manner towards Sophie angers Octavian. The Baron's love-making culminates in a *Leiblied*. Then the Baron's suite also come in and cause a commotion in the Faninal household. A row next takes place between the Baron and Octavian, the former having been quietly warned by the *Schwarze Zeitung* people that Octavian has succeeded in alienating the affections of his fiancée, and the Baron gets the worst of it. After this Octavian departs, and Faninal sides with the Baron, and threatens to force Sophie to marry him without delay. The Baron drinks freely, but keeps sufficiently sober to sing, once more, his love-song; finally he recovers completely, when a missive is handed to him from the Princess' lady's-maid reminding him of his appointment with her.

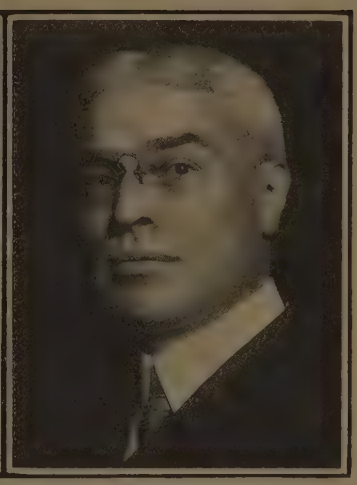
Act III opens in a restaurant, where the *Schwarze Zeitung* couple are plotting the undoing of the Baron. The introduction leads to waltz rhythms. Octavian, in his lady's-maid costume, after assisting with the preparations for supper, goes out of the restaurant and returns with the Baron. What follows is a farce of the broadest character. The lights in the room are lowered. Octavian is coy, and the Baron suddenly begins to discover a likeness between the lady's-maid and his rival. Annina and four children next enter, and the children call the Baron "Papa." Upon this, the confusion waxes great. A commissary of the police is summoned, but he is told that Annina is Sophie, the Baron's fiancée. While contesting this point Faninal enters, and is most indignant because the Baron disowns him. While one is wondering how all this is going to end, the Princess appears upon the scene and succeeds in "pouring oil upon the troubled waters," so that, at last, the Baron concludes to behave himself, and his rout is completed by the presentation to him of all the bills for supper, lights, etc. When the Princess has finally gotten quite rid of him, she brings in Octavian and Sophie, and joins their hands.

L. M. DAVIDSON.

Moffett, Chicago
WILBUR D. NESBIT
Author of "The Girl of My Dreams"

Moffett
GEORGE ADE
Author of "The Slim Princess," etc.

Moffett
JOSEPH MEDILL PATTERSON
Author of "The Fourth Estate"



WALLACE RICE
Co-author of "The Chaplet of Pan"

Some Chicago Playwrights

SINCE young Edward Sheldon left his parental home on fashionable Bellevue Place five years ago with a wallet of ideas under his arm, headed for Harvard and destined for early fame, Chicago rapidly has resolved itself into a nursery for the development of playwrights. No longer do the youth of the city exclusively follow their fathers to the stock-yards and the brokerage offices of La Salle Street. Many spend their time on scenarios, first acts and climaxes, finding in the theatre a convenient outlet for views on art and life which cannot find expression in the counting-room.

George Ade, for years Chicago's only dramatic author of note, now finds himself, like one of his own grizzled Indiana sycamores, surrounded by a new growth of writer timber. His rivals now include Joseph Medill Patterson, one of the most virile and prolific of the younger generation of American playwrights, whose "A Little Brother of the Rich," "The Fourth Estate," "Dope" and "By-Products," already have been produced; H. S. Sheldon, the first serious effort from whose pen, "The Havoc," Henry Miller now is presenting; Arthur Jerome Eddy, author of "Ganton and Company," which became "The Great John Ganton," and the recently produced "The Warning"; Wilbur D. Nesbit, the Chicago *Evening Post* humorist, who wrote the book for "The Girl of My Dreams," and a farce now nearly ready for the theatre; William Anthony McGuire, whose "The Heights" was acted by Frank Keenan; Wallace Rice, of *The Dial,* who goes in for fantasies and the poetic drama; George Barr McCutcheon, the novelist, and others.

To be added to these who have already been tried out in the professional theatre are a host of others who are writing sketches, books and amateur plays, any one of whom is likely to change from a potential into an actual playwright. Hobart C. Chatfield-Taylor, the biographer of Molière and Goldini, recently had a sketch tried out, as also have Margaret Horton Potter, the novelist, and Miss Edith Wyatt, the short-story writer. Rex Beach, who collaborated in the writing of "Going Some" and "The Barrier," promises soon to write a play quite by himself, and Charles Collins, recently dramatic editor of *The Inter-Ocean,* has disposed of a book for a musical comedy. Mrs. Carter Harrison, wife of the former mayor, has written a children's spectacle, and Dr. Paul Carus, the erudite theosophist and orientalist, who edits *The Open Court,* has dramatized some of the most vital things in the life of the mystical Buddha. Mrs. Kellogg Fairbank, a society leader, has completed a drama which has its source in contemporary Chicago life, and Ira Nelson Morris, a son of the late stock-yards capitalist, and a director of the Chicago Grand Opera Company, has had a play accepted by a New York producer. The Hough-Adams combination, which turned out the books for Mort Singer's musical farces at the La Salle Theatre, is still intact, and a more ambitious effort from them is soon to be ready. Professor Robert Herrick, of the University of Chicago, has been working on a serious drama, and one of his associates, Professor Robert Morse Lovett, who has been giving extended dramatic courses, is engaged similarly. Both of the latter were intimates of the late William Vaughan Moody.

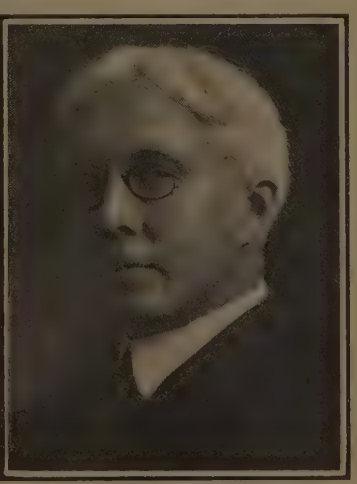
Dean Ade, of the corps of Chicago dramatic writers, has confined himself strictly to books which are devised for entertainment purposes, his recent efforts being "The Old Town," which Montgomery and Stone are giving, and "U. S. Minister Bedloe," produced as the opening attraction at the new Blackstone Theatre in Chicago. Not so the Sheldons, Mr. Patterson and Mr. McGuire. They are militant young men, all keenly alive to the defects of modern civilization, and anxious to serve as first aid to an injured world.

Mr. Patterson, who is a grandson of the famous Joseph Medill, war-time editor of the Chicago *Tribune,* and a son of the late R. W. Patterson, who for many years also directed the editorial policy of the same paper, is credited with reforming the sale of

H. S. SHELDON
Author of "The Havoc"

WILLIAM ANTHONY McGUIRE
Author of "The Heights"

GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON
Author of "The Barrier," etc.



ARTHUR JEROME EDDY
Author of "The Warning"

drugs, such as cocaine and morphine, through the Middle West by means of "Dope," and in "The Fourth Estate" he tried to picture some of the abuses which have crept into American journalism. In his new play, "Rebellion," he has shown some of the

White
MEMBERS OF THE NEW WINTER GARDEN COMPANY PARTAKING OF A MIDNIGHT LUNCHEON DURING THE FINAL DRESS REHEARSAL, SUNDAY EVENING, MARCH 19TH LAST, BEFORE THE OPENING WHICH TOOK PLACE THE FOLLOWING EVENING.

aspects of divorce. The author is only 31 years old, but he has already had a tremendous amount of experience. He graduated from Yale in 1901, served as a correspondent during the war with Spain, was a member of the Illinois legislature at 23, commissioner of public works of the city of Chicago at 26, and had also been reporter, assistant Sunday editor, editorial writer.

H. S. Sheldon, who, by the way, is in no manner related to Edward Sheldon, was born in Denmark, and has had a struggle to win his way that outdoes that of Eugene Walter. When he came to America he did not know a word of English, but he studied from a grammar while he looked for work. His first position was with Klaw and Erlanger in "Ben Hur," his handsome and tremendous physique bringing him an ornamental position in the background, where he wasn't forced to reveal his lack of English by being burdened with a line. He later came to Chicago and struggled strenuously to get some of his sketches sold. Through money thus gained, he was able to find the leisure which enabled him to write "The Havoc." He tried to sell it to practically every manager in Chicago, but was unsuccessful. He then took the manuscript to New York, and fortunately was able to read it in person to Henry Miller.

Arthur Jerome Eddy is a prominent lawyer, who writes plays when the penning of briefs becomes monotonous. Incidentally, he was instrumental in the organization of the American Steel Foundries Company, the American Linseed Oil Company and the National Carbon Company. His "The Great John Ganton" was acted for a season by George Fawcett, and recently "The Warning" was tried out at the Princess Theatre, in Chicago.

George Barr McCutcheon, whose "Brewster's Millions" and "Beverly of Graustark" were successfully dramatized, is at work on several new pieces, one of which is to be produced shortly. Wallace Rice, like George Ade, is a former dramatic critic, having served in that capacity on the Chicago *Tribune*. He is now on the critical staff of *The Dial*, the literary review. Two of his plays, "The Chaplet of Pan" and "The Topaz Amulet," written in collaboration with Thomas Wood Stevens, of the Chicago Art Institute, were produced by David Robertson, and he was the author in collaboration with Margaret Horton Potter of "The Devil's Choice," a little drama of gripping power, which was produced at the Bush Temple Theatre. Another newspaperman-playwright is Wilbur D. Nesbit, who contributes a daily column of verse and humorous comment to the Chicago *Evening Post*. John Hyams and Leila McIntyre are now out in "His Girl of My Dreams," which was set to music by Karl Hoschna and produced by Joseph M. Gaites. Mr. Nesbit is the president of the Forty Club, an organization of convivial spirits recruited from the leading professions, and is also one of the favorite speakers of the Indiana Society.

William Anthony McGuire is a young North Side writer who sprang into prominence with a sketch, "The Devil, the Servant and the Man," in which the situation of "The Servant in the House" was reversed. His "The Heights" was produced last season, and he has two new plays, "The Cost of Living" and "Fear," which will be seen next season. FREDERIC HATTON.

Byron

SCENE IN "NOAH'S FLOOD." EARLY MYSTERY PLAY PRESENTED AT THE NEW THEATRE

Moralities at the New Theatre

UNIQUE in character, vastly entertaining, and affording instruction in an objective way impossible to be conveyed in the books written on the subject, the series of performances at the New Theatre, illustrating the development of the English drama from the earliest times, have drawn great audiences, with many turned away, and have given additional proof of the value of an institution with high aims uninfluenced by commercialism.

The scenes given were from plays of various periods, each presented in the manner of its time, with introductory lectures by Brander Matthews. The first of the series, March 27th, presented "Noah's Flood" and "The Nice Wanton." They represented the beginnings of the drama, as acted by strolling players before audiences in villages, and covered the period, as far as could be done in the hour or so to be occupied, of the Mystery or Miracle plays and the Moralities. The beginnings of the drama, thus illustrated, were the most interesting of the series, for they afforded a novelty never before even attempted before our audiences. It is true that such plays have been done for educational purposes and even for public patronage, but with limited response. This performance at the New Theatre was an achievement, for it brought before us the first time all the details of this early acting and the circumstances in which they were performed. In other words, these naïve productions were made on the stage for the edification of the villagers who stood about, and not for the eager and interested audience that filled this large and modern theatre. We saw the streets of the village, with the children and various types of characters trooping in to welcome the visit of the showman. A pageant wagon or float, representing the ark, was drawn to the market

Byron

SCENE IN "NICE WANTON," A MORALITY PLAY DATING FROM ABOUT 1550

place, and the performance was begun, but not before a boy, with painted wings attached to his shoulders, had come on and stationed himself at one side with his thunder-making barrel. While reverence for the Deity was manifest, it was plain that these early showmen considered that most valuable commodity in public entertainments — comedy. Noah, and in the play it appeared entirely authentic, was a strict disciplinarian. He berated the undeserving, and sternly reminded them that the threat of the flood was to be fulfilled, but the comic diversion was in the trouble he had with his wife, who much preferred to remain with the gossips, although the first drops of the flood were beginning to fall fast, and no time to be lost, whereupon he beat her with a stick and forced her to enter, with much clamor on her part. The animals were brought into the ark by Noah's sons, bearing various placards with pictures of the animals, these placards being attached to the side of the ark. The flight of the dove from the ark was represented by a picture of the dove being thrust out through the door, and its return by its being shown for an instant held in Noah's hand, with an olive branch. All the parts were played by men, and, with the excellent company of the New Theatre, it may well be understood that every point was brought out. They all acted with the proper naïveté. The Deity was represented by a figure in a little cupola on the top of the ark, the features and upper part of the body covered with resplendent gilt cloth. The utterances of the Deity were deliberate and solemnly impressive. The giving of all the atmosphere of such a production made it a performance unique in the history of the stage in the United States.

From the *Illustrated London News*.

DIGGING TO PROVE THAT BACON WROTE SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS

1. The title-page of an edition of Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia," the book which, according to Dr. Owen, reveals the secret hiding-place.
2. Dr. Orville Owen, who is searching in the bed of the River Wye, at Chepstow, England, for proof that Bacon wrote the Shakespeare plays.
3. What, it is understood, Dr. Owen expects to find in the bed of the Wye—a conjectural diagram.
4. The Scene of the Digging.

Dr. Orville Owen, who discovered the Bacon cipher in the works of Shakespeare, declares not only that Bacon wrote the Shakespeare plays, but that he wrote Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," and the works of Greene, Marlowe, Spenser, Peele, and Sir Philip Sidney. He believes, further, that, hidden in the bed of the Wye, at Chepstow, England, are proofs of his contention, and of the idea that Bacon was a son of Queen Elizabeth. Dr. Owen founds his arguments on a message he has unravelled, with the aid of his Bacon cipher, from an edition of Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia." Supporters of the Bacon theory argue that the "hog" in the crest at the top of the title-page is "trampling underfoot the Crown of England reversed"; but it is in the interior of the work that Dr. Owen finds the somewhat elaborate directions on which he is working. At present eight holes have been dug. In the drawing are shown the positions of these eight holes. The dotted line between the × at the Roman wall and that at hole 8 represents the "twice ten times ten feet due east" of the message revealed.

The second performance, March 30th, illustrated the time of Shakespeare. While it was perhaps a faithful reproduction of the stage of that period, it was not as successful as the previous performance in reproducing the atmosphere of the time. While many points of difference between the conditions of that time and of the present day could be observed by students of the drama, it was measurably modern. The scenes selected were Scene 1, Act II, Scene 2, Act III, from "The Winter's Tale." The entire play had been given by the New Theatre previously. Miss Matthison's performance was the feature in this production.

Mr. Brander Matthews touched upon many points in his interesting lecture. We are inclined to differ with him in his statement that Shakespeare had the limitations of his own stage in his mind with reference to the concealment of Falstaff behind the arras, and also the hiding of Polonius. We do not believe that Shakespeare was taking any liberty with the facts. It is quite possible that the arras, at least in palaces, were not attached immediately to the wall. At all events, it was almost certain that Shakespeare was largely unconventional, and that the scenes that he had in mind were always the actual scenes of Nature, and were not altogether controlled by the limitations of his own stage.

The third lecture, April 3d, illustrated the old comedy period by scenes from "The School for Scandal," the quarrel scene and the screen scene. The stage was set with the old-fashioned wings, flats and sliding scenes, moving to the sound of the stage-manager's whistle; and smoky lamps, trimmed by flunkies, replaced the modern footlights. The boxes were so placed on the stage that the spectators in them were a part of the picture.

EUROPEAN SUPPLEMENT

BY PETRONIUS

PARIS, April 1, 1911.

BECAUSE of the controversies raised by his political enemies M. Henri Bernstein's "Après Moi," presented at the Comédie Francaise, has caused fountains of ink to flow. I will speak here only of the merits of the play, leaving aside the personality of the author. I may, however, be permitted to state that M. Bernstein has himself acknowledged in an open letter to the public that he committed "a youthful mistake" when he deserted from the French Army, a mistake he has since bitterly regretted. It must be conceded, therefore, that he lacked tact, in aiming to have his play produced at the Comédie Francaise, a theatre subventioned by the State. Heretofore he has been satisfied to have his plays staged at the boulevard theatres, and there was no necessity, even in his own interests, to strive for greater benefit. Especially is this true, since he might have foreseen that sooner or later his former intimates to whom he had made anti-military admissions, might make use of such a double-edged sword as the letter written by him years ago. But to return to "Après Moi," presented in the midst of many vicissitudes at the Comédie Francaise.

Guillaume Bourgade, a big refiner and bold financier, has for seventeen years led a peaceful and happy life with his wife, Irene. The three acts take place in this opulent manufacturer's luxurious villa in the environs of Dieppe. It is nearly midnight, in an adjoining room are excited bridge players. There are some minor parts, but in reality the play has only three important characters, M. Bourgade, Mme. Bourgade and young James Aloys, the inevitable triangle, so indispensable in every household that is lacking in self respect.

M. Bourgade has all the qualities and all the defects so generally recognized in men of affairs. He is hard, haughty, brutal. He likes to command and to be obeyed. He is admired, respected and feared. Despite his fifty years he carries himself with youthful energy; his seventeen years of married life have not dimmed his marital affections. He is powerful and happy. Irene Bourgade is an irreproachable wife, but not without considerable effort at times.

James Aloys is a young protégé of the Bourgade family, who has already on the advice of his guardian decided to marry Mlle. Fleurion, another intimate friend of the family. But on the even of the formal announcement of the engagement James abruptly breaks it off, and announces that he intends to travel.

For the time being he is between two fires. For his mother, who is an old friend of the Bourgades, is stopping at a neighboring villa, and here James comes to bid her good-bye, and is received by the Bourgades almost as a member of the family.

When the play opens James Aloys has a few moments before taken leave of M. and Mme. Bourgade, but returns surreptitiously, for he had previously obtained Irene's consent to a private interview. And it is while the bridge party goes on in an adjoining room, while Bourgade and Mme. Aloys are in animated conversation, that Irene Bourgade meets James Aloys in still another room. This little bourgeoise seems to me nothing but a vulgar wench.

While all these things are taking place in the various salons, M. Bourgade is trying to explain to Mme. Aloys the imperative reasons that caused him to advise her son to marry the rich Mlle. Fleurion. It is because James as well as his mother have been ruined by the fault of Bourgade. He explains the mechanism of the financial operation which has led to his discomfiture, and even makes him fear criminal proceedings. Overwhelmed, Mme. Aloys leaves him, and Bourgade thereupon thinks only of killing himself. The significance of the title, "Après Moi," comes from this scene.

Bourgade, preoccupied with plans for his wife's material welfare, encloses in an envelope addressed to her the stocks which were her marriage portion. Then he sends for his old friend Friediger, who is staying in the house, and tells him of his intention to commit suicide.

Photo Felix

MLLE. LUCIENNE GUETT OF THE ODEON

Taffeta silk wrap trimmed with Renaissance lace, and with the lower part of the sleeves embroidered. Made by Paquin

Photo Felix
MLLE. YVONNE DE BRAY OF THE GYMNASE
Large black tagal straw hat in bicorne form ornamented with gold brocade velvet and white cross aigrettes. Made by Madame Lenthéric

Photo Felix
MLLE. YVONNE DE BRAY OF THE THEATRE DU GYMNASE
White tagal straw hat with black tagal border ornamented with two emerald green and two white plumes. Made by Madame Lenthéric

"Perhaps I am a sorry specimen of a gentleman," he declares to Friediger, who advises flight, "but I am a gentleman."

At the moment Bourgade places the muzzle of the revolver to his temple (it is three o'clock in the morning), Irene has just quitted James Aloys, and is about to return to her boudoir. Unluckily, the arrangement of the rooms makes it necessary for her to cross that in which her husband has sought refuge. The disorder of her gown and her hair, and her evident agitation betray her. Finally she confesses, but refuses to name the man. The scene is one of unusual violence. It is very theatrical but not natural that, after seventeen years of marriage, the same day, the same minute that the husband succumbs to a financial tragedy, the wife should succumb to romance. He is dishonored as a financier, at the same moment that she dishonors herself as a woman.

In the third act a hazardous conjecture makes known to Bourgade the name of the man who has betrayed him. James Aloys comes to see him; he knows all, and his ruin weighs so little on him, he takes his misfortune so lightly that his manner awakens Bourgade's suspicions. He quickly spreads a trap for James, and so snatches his secret from the impudent young man.

Now that he knows that Irene is not worthy of such a sacrifice Bourgade decides not to kill himself. He even thinks confusedly of an existence in which he and his wife may live side by side in retirement. The discredited sugar king begs Irene not to abandon him in his misfortune; he even lowers himself to beg James Aloys to renounce her. Seized with pity Irene gives up her lover to follow her husband.

Mme. Bartet interpreted the part of Irene Bourgade with her customary power and delicacy; being admirably supported by M. Le Bargy as Guillaume Bourgade, who gave a masterly portrayal of the different moods of that haughty and contemptible creature. His vigorous and precise realism colored with a romantic generosity was marvellous. To M. Grand fell the rôle of James Aloys, in which his ardor and sincerity were much appreciated.

The combats with difficult situations in which M. Bernstein has been engaged are celebrated. To be remembered are "Israel," "La Rafale, le Voleur," "Samson," and "La Griffe."

"Après Moi" is a depressing and agonizing play. It keeps the spectator on tension for two and a half hours, which is too much. To sum up, M. Bernstein is undoubtedly a powerful dramatist, too powerful; a realist, too realistic; brutal, too brutal. With his excessive pessimism he seems to completely ignore the fact that in this world by the side of many villainies there are often most praiseworthy and heroic actions, that from the manure, and because of the manure, blossom many flowers. In M. Bernstein's plays I invariably find creatures filled with bitterness and brutality. They are conflicts of passions, where love and the material interests hold sway. He is logical, he views life from the dark side; it is his privilege. For my part I prefer to see the bright consoling spots through the dark clouds, and instead of scowling faces to look for smiling ones. All that, indeed, is a matter of temperament.

In a letter addressed to the Society of Dramatic Authors, M. Bernstein has withdrawn his play from the Comédie Francaise. He has done the wise thing, since

Photo Felix
MLLE. LUCIENNE GUETT OF THE ODEON
Gown of pink crêpe meteore with collar of rare Venetian lace, and turquoise scarf embroidered in gold Made by Paquin

Photo Felix
Gown of black and white narrow striped silk voile over a foundation of changeable copper and green silk, ornamented with black and red silk buttons, and a guimpe of red gauze. Made by Redfern, Paris

the performances degenerated into cabals, and the manifestations in the streets began to take on the character of riots.

At the first night of "Après Moi" the theatre was filled with pretty women wearing the newest gowns, the most beautiful of which I recognized as the creations of Doeuillet and Madame Paquin, two names that suffice in themselves.

M. Henri Bataille (the same initials as M. Henri Bernstein; can it be a symbol?) presented at the Porte St. Martin a play in four acts, called "L'Enfant de l'Amour." The author of "La Vierge Folle," which was played for 250 times at the Gymnase, set before us highly spiced meats on a very fine dish. So highly spiced are they that I scarcely dare offer them to my readers. M. Bataille also sees through a glass darkly. His flowers are foul and poison all who have the temerity to smell them. Turn by turn "L'Enfant de l'Amour" attracts and repulses the spectator.

Diane Orland receives at her home the aristocracy of the world that amuses itself, an assemblage of high livers and fast women most luxuriously arrayed. After having led a life similar to that of her comrades Diane Orland contracts a serious, almost respectable, liaison, and leads a retired life which she enjoys in company with M. Rantz. This liaison lasts for seventeen years, the same number as in "Après Moi."

Rantz, a promoter, journalist, owner of race horses, is elected deputy, then made Minister. Now he only thinks of ridding himself of Diane, and does not hesitate to let her feel this desire.

Diane Orland has a son of twenty years, who has lived always under the cloud of a material existence, his companions the servants, particularly the butler Raymond, who is the type of the factotum to a *grande courtisane*.

Maurice Orland is a weak creature, accustomed to humiliation, and from his youth used to discreetly disappearing at the approach of his mother's numerous visitors. He is "L'Enfant de l'Amour."

Photo Desgranges
ISIDORE DE LARA, THE COMPOSER OF "SOLEA"

Even though she has never been much of a mother to him, he has a great love for her.

M. Rantz comes to tell her of the final rupture. The poor woman, overwhelmed with grief, falls back in her distress upon this filial affection. In vain she sends Raymond to look for him, for her son has finally betaken himself to bachelor quarters. This first act is the picture of a questionable world, and a brilliant exposition of its customs.

In the second act Maurice Orland is playing cards with Raymond and a disreputable jockey. Soon he sends his guests away, for he expects a visit from the daughter of M. Rantz. She thinks, before she is married, to pay a first and last visit to the man to whom for two years she has given her heart, and so by this visit to take leave of her youthful dream. She is another *Vierge Folle!* During this interview Diane comes to her son's apartment with the intention of killing herself. To save his mother his filial love suggests to him the diabolical idea of keeping Nellie Rantz there all night, so that thanks to the scandal M. Rantz will be amenable to negotiations. Added to that Maurice Orland has a second weapon against Rantz, which is the confession of the jockey that, in concert with the Minister, he had cheated at the racecourse.

You can well believe how painful is the bargaining scene in which the son tries to entrap M. Rantz. It is coarse and brutal. Diane Orland and Rantz become reconciled, he promising to marry her upon condition that her son shall be sent off to America where there is a position awaiting him. The ungrateful Madame Orland, more woman than mother, does not hesitate to thus sacrifice her son. She becomes Madame Rantz, and as her son Maurice is bidding her his last farewell he steps aside to allow of the entrance of Rantz's son. "Come in," says Maurice to the small boy, who has come to welcome his new mamma.

The three chief characters are well interpreted by M. André Brulé in the rôle of Maurice Orland, M. Dumény in that

Photo Felix
MLLE. NELLY BERYL OF THE THEATRE DES NOUVEAUTÉS

Costume of blue and white printed gauze, trimmed with bands of blue gauze, girdle of apricot satin, with yoke of Irish lace. Made by Doeuillet

of Rantz, and Mme. Réjane in that of Diane. The latter was simply admirable.

You see I was right in saying that the meats served up by M. Henri Bataille are too highly spiced that the flowers he makes us smell are poisoned. Bataille and Bernstein are two fine playwrights, but baffling. One might say that they had vowed to make us neurasthenics, even as their works are the works of neurasthenics. Decidedly, I prefer smiles to their grins, flowers to their thorns, and I believe that the public must weary of these continual displays of baseness and compromises, and that a healthy reaction will soon take place in things theatrical.

Bernstein's "Après Moi," Bataille's "L'Enfant de l'Amour," and M. Sacha Guitry's "Le Veilleur de Nuit" are three undoubted successes, but also three unsavory and unhealthy works. These three dramatic surgeons handle the knife dexterously, but in spite of their skilled bandaging the wounds continue large and gaping.

There could be no fashionable fête at the Porte St. Martin without the name of Redfern shining there with incomparable brilliancy. The costumes worn by Diane Orland's friends owed their success to this celebrated Parisian.

In the boxes, among the many stunning hats I discovered that the most elegant were made by Mme. Lentheric. It is not necessary for me to dwell upon this fact—the name of the modiste suffices. There is not a member of the American colony who does not know this name. Whether at the theatre, the Horse Show, the races, or society reunions, the name of Mme. Lentheric is always recalled as that of the milliner to the international aristocracy.

Gown of orange crêpe de chine ornamented with bands of gold Venise lace. Wrap of violet mousseline lined with black mousseline. Creation Paquin

Four years ago at Cologne, M. Isidore de Lara gave for the first time his beautiful music drama, "Solea." I have just seen it again at Rouen. If ever a musician surpassed himself he is certainly the composer of "Solea." With splendid scenery and beautiful coloring it contains elements of a rare quality, a sober and well sustained feeling of profound emotion. There is a more penetrating sensibility than one could have anticipated from the voluptuousness and sensuality of "Messaline," first presented at Monte Carlo. The success achieved by "Solea" was enormous, numerous recalls after each act, and at the end an ovation to the composer. The theatre at Rouen staged well the exquisite and powerful work of M. de Lara. M. Ferme, the director, produced the work with an excellent cast. Mme. Magne, who impersonated "Solea," is a singer of the highest order. Her voice is of splendid quality; she sings with fine art, and has a clever technique. Her interpretation of "Solea" was a revelation.

M. Isidore de Lara is without doubt a great master.

Photo Agie

A GROUP OF MANNEQUINS AT REDFERN'S, PARIS

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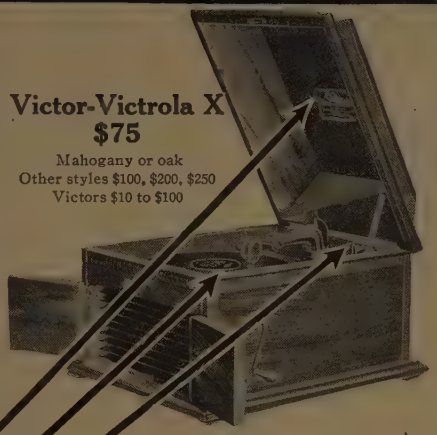

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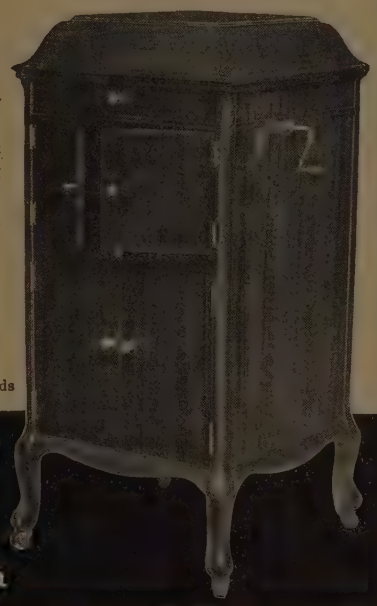

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Playhouse Reminiscences

(*Continued from page* 162)

the female chorus, whose flimsy lawn, organdie and tarletan skirts would have gone up in a sea of flames at the approach of a shrieking, terrified stage-escaping Nancy—the audience rose to its feet as one man and cheered (till it was hoarse) for full five minutes; a well-deserved tribute to an excellent voice joined to the coolest sort of a level head.

Jannauscheck, that idol of the Germans, used to give a harrowing play called "Marianne; the Woman of the People,' in which she had rare opportunities; in one scene she deposits her infant of most tender years in the "receiver" of a foundling institute, an act accompanied by a display of emotional acting seldom equalled and never excelled on any stage. Her audience, knowing what to expect, was always ready with applause and tearful appreciation. One evening the property-infant was either not properly clothed, or Frau Jannauscheck was careless in handling it, for when flung, in a frenzied outburst of despair, into the waiting niche at the foundling gate, this tender babe came down with a bang that shook the building. For an instant the audience was stricken dumb, and so was Marianne; then Jannauscheck once more began to wring her hands and make her moan, but the audience tittered hysterically all through the play, which so upset the German tragedienne that "das Weib aus dem Volke" was soon afterwards withdrawn from her repertory.

Just before the Civil War John Wilkes Booth's fine stage presence, fiery personality, and impassioned though rather unequal acting, made him the matinée idol of his day. There was nothing in his behavior at that time to indicate that he was so soon to become one of the most execrated of men.

One evening in 1860 there was a fire somewhere back of the Winter Garden Theatre, where Mr. Booth was filling an engagement. The audience was in no danger—though the auditorium was blue with smoke and hose-pipes were meandering across the front of the stage—and had already twice been earnestly assured of the fact, but all the confusion had so upset Mr. Booth that when, as the interesting mysterious stranger—is it Pescara, I wonder? I can't quite recollect—he is invited by the King to give his name and the "why and whence" of his coming, he said impressively "I am ——" and hesitated; "I am ——" he repeated and paused once more; then stepping to the footlights (and, incidentally, *almost* upon the fire hose-pipe) he took the audience into his confidence and asked, with the most engaging earnestness: "who the devil am I, anyway?"

KATE HUDSON.

An Automobile Theatre

(*Continued from page* 169)

done in Paris. The dream was not found impossible of realization and in a few months, says *L'Illustration*, before setting out for his annual tour of the watering places where the local inhabitants have never seen anything except the round canvas of the circus tent, "Gémier's National Travelling Theatre" will give its first performance in one of the public squares in Paris.

The caravan, when ready to start out, will consist of twenty-one cars drawn by two automobiles of the traction type, moving on roads and even over tilled fields at the rate of twelve miles an hour. In addition to complete sets of scenery, a large auditorium will be carried, complete with stage and footlights. There will be store cars for furniture and accessories, and an elaborate electric lighting plant. Two cars will be reserved for the players, one for the men and one for the women. One car will carry the costumes and two cars, placed on each side of the stage, will afford eight large boxes for public use.

The auditorium, arranged in the form of an ampitheatre, without balconies and sheltered from the weather by double canvas, will be very attractive in appearance. It will be constructed according to the principles on which aerodomes are built, giving the maximum of strength with the minimum of weight and, thanks to ingenious machinery, it can be put up in no time.

It is an experiment which will be watched with great interest on both sides of the Atlantic.

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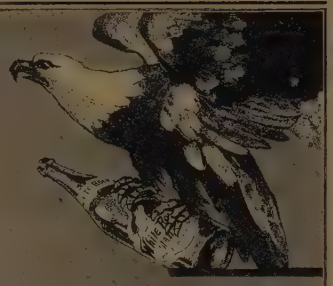

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New York's Oldest Playhouse

(Continued from page 168)

the Bowery passed over to the management of the old Park Theatre, but Thomas F. Hamblin recovered it in 1830. Following this the Vestu's dancers were first seen here, and George Holland's appearance in seven different characters in the same evening; Archer's American début and Mrs. J. W. Wallack, Jr. (Mrs. Lefton's) New York première. Also there was that of Josie Clifton, the first native American actress to play in London; the début of Miss Priscilla Cooper was in 1834, afterwards memorable because she married Robert Tyler, the son of President Tyler, and eventually became mistress of the White House. Charlotte Cushman made her first appearance here as Lady Macbeth in 1836. Soon after this the structure burned down again, with a loss to Hamblin of $60,000.

"It was rebuilt in 1837, burned again in 1838, rebuilt in 1839, burned in 1845 and burned for the last time in 1866. Between fires, however, the theatre went right on with its exceptional series of débuts—those of John Gilbert, first seen in New York there in the rôle of Sir Edward Mortimer; John Drew as Dr. O'Toole, and the original Mrs. Potter as Juliet.

"Between 1850 and 1860, under the management of John Brougham, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wallack, Jr., Edward Eddy, Thomas S. Hambling and Harry J. Ames Seymour played at the theatre. But its lustre soon faded after this decade. It slumped into an era of blood and thunder. In 1879 it was handed over to German theatregoers, who rechristened it the Thalia. The Germans held their ground for a while, but when the Jewish city grew up around it the theatre's following changed again. For a number of years only those who read Yiddish posters have known what the play for the night was to be at the Thalia."

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Emmaline Lee (McKenna-Gumble), Peerless Quartet; *Entre Acte Gavotte* (Gillet). Xylophone, William H. Reitz.

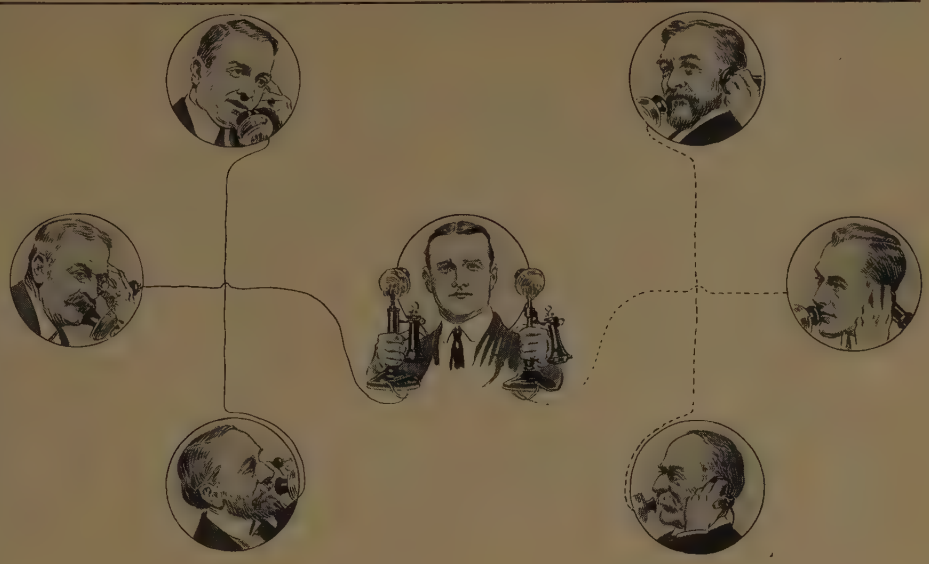
THE MUSICAL NOVELTY OF THE YEAR.—The Victor secures the famous Balalaika Orchestra.—The concerts of this wonderful Russian orchestra have been the sensational event of the present musical season, and their perfect ensemble and exquisite tone production have been enjoyed by many thousands of delighted hearers.

Vassili Vassilievitch Andreeff has come with his players from a far country to a strange people, and through the power of his music has shown them the true Russian—not the Russian of popular imagination and cheap fiction, but the true man, whose very thoughts are but the indications of an impulsive nature, of a character more prone to love than to hate, and whose simplicity is pictured in the tones drawn from the very soul of his instrument—the balalaika.

The balalaika, a primitive folk instrument with a tone similar to that of a mandolin, is at present the most famous instrument in Russia. Every regiment has its balalaika orchestra, and the music on the Czar's yacht during the recent stay at Cowes was a balalaika band. This instrument is a kind of guitar, with only three strings.

Three records, which were made under the personal direction of the conductor, Mr. Andreeff, exhibit well the striking effects produced by these gifted players. The folk-songs are especially interesting. No nation in the world possesses a greater love for music than the Russian, and the songs of the peasants, characteristic of various occasions, such as weddings or dances, legends, the regular round of daily toil, etc., are numerous.

The two folk-songs which have been recorded are unusually melodious ones. *Molodka* is the name given to a newly married young woman. The singer asks her not to keep passing under his window, as her presence brings unrest to his spirit, because he knows she is beyond his reach. "Sun in the Sky" is a folk dance, and the title is intended to signify the faithfulness of the lover, who calls upon the sun to be blotted out if he shall prove false.



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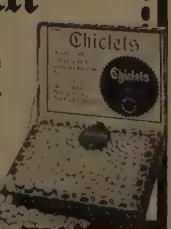

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Francisque Sarcey, in *Le Figaro,* said:

"Here is a book which is talked of a great deal. I think it is not talked of enough, for it is one of the prettiest dramas of real life ever related to the public. Must I say that well-informed people affirm the letters of the man, true or almost true, hardly arranged, were written by Guy de Maupassant?

I do not think it is wrong to be so indiscreet. One must admire the feminine delicacy with which the letters were reinforced, if one may use this expression. I like the book, and it seems to me it will have a place in the collection, so voluminous already, of modern ways of love."

MEYER BROS. CO., Publishers, 26 West 33d Street, New York

Costuming of a Prima Donna

(*Continued from page* 156)

costume in which she sang some years before, and in its contrast the strides Miss Farrar has made away from decking a character opposite to its introspective meaning. In it the dress, with its supposed mediæval embroideries, is no more mediæval than the sugared decorations of a marzipan, and the crown is tilted on a semi-nineteenth century coiffure, with waves coquettishly softening the very severity of line which demanded heightening.

In Manon she followed for her emancipation costume a contemporary picture of the time by Bouchet; her new Zerlina is a copy of a Spanish master of the period of Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro"; her present Juliet costumes are composites of a study of those of the time in which the tragedy is placed.

In the first Zerlina costume, done before her own artistic awakening, Miss Farrar followed, as the photograph will show, almost completely conventional traditions. The second picture, a result of her own researches, is far more Spanish, more girlish, and coquettish, too, as Zerlina was in Beaumarchais' comedy. The harsh, old-maidish primness of the coiffure, the bare skirt, with hideous patchy decoration, give in the traditional costume no hint of the attributes of Zerlina; in the newer presentment of her Miss Farrar supplies those very traits previously missing.

It seems scarcely possible to regard both photographs as of the same individual, the effect in face and figure is so absolutely opposite. More yet in the later one, the gracious silhouette which every artistic eye should particularly strive upon the stage, where each figure is outlined against the general background of the picture, is fully there. The traditional costume gives only angularity, an effect upon the eye which no keen artist would put into a picture, and has no right to a place in a picture which the stage at all times should present.

The materials of the new Zerlina dress are cheap, but their selection is definite and characteristic in results; the coarse embroideries make a high note of gaiety; the rose tucked at the corsage gives a spirit of coquetry, followed out in the coiffure; the cheap finery, and the fan, make Zerlina's peasant ideal, inspired by the grand life played about her in which she had a menial but an individual part. She becomes a living figure where her predecessor was a mannikin.

The first Manon and the Manon of Miss Farrar's choice, seductive, alluring, are still more widely opposites. The traditional costume, as the portrait proves, might have served for Filina's in Ambroise Thomas' "Mignon," or at least been labeled of the nondescript character known impartially at fancy balls as Madame de Pompadour, or a Watteau Shepherdess. Startling it is, though, in its showing of how much individuality may be taken from a face and figure by inappropriate costuming. In the case of this earlier picture there is a girlish charm, of the innocuous, sugary variety, but it is the characterization of nothing in particular, least of all of that waywardness, yet powerful magnetism which swayed Des Grieux as no mere empty prettiness could have swayed him.

The traditional ball costume of Juliet in Gounod's opera, awkward, stiff, ungirlish, is a crime against art. Its lines are not remotely of the renaissance; its effect is meaningless in any age. This costume, as shown, Miss Farrar presently discarded for another which she wore in that scene at her Metropolitan début, one fitted for the stage, which its predecessor was not, for it allows of elasticity of pose and movement, it conveys the spirit of the renaissance. But a third costume here reproduced, designed for the identical scene in a revival of "Romeo and Juliet" during the present season, comes more directly still within the realm of the renaissance, not only according to paintings by masters of the period, but the costume plates of the fourteenth century.

Tremendous patience, study, and broad, intelligent knowledge are needed to create a new tradition. A fresh standard has been set by Miss Farrar; it means new life for those long-familiar rôles in the repertory. No matter how beautiful the music, or how fine the scenery, if the figures moving on the stage fail to convey visually the spirit and essence of the characters and their time, they must be looked upon as interloping strangers. WILLIAM ARMSTRONG.

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THE NEW PLAYS

(Continued from page 146)

GLOBE. "Little Miss Fix-It." Musical play in three acts by William J. Hurlbut and Harry B. Smith. Produced April 3 with this cast:

Delia Wendell, Nora Bayes; Henry Burbank, William Danforth; Buddie Arnold, Jack Norworth; Marjorie Arnold, Grace Field; Percy Paget, Lionel Walsh; Bella Ketcham, Eleanor Stuart; Harold Watson, James C. Lane; Ethel Morgan, Oza Waldrop; Mary Ann, Annie Buckley; Edward Doolittle, Harry Lillford; Jimmie, Ernestine Emler; Mazie, Edith Norman; Cora Lee, Bessie Gibson; Jane Wheatley, Hazel Cox; Agnes Marston, Vivian Rushmore; May Roberts, Helen Hilton; Kate Winthrop, Estelle Perry; Rose Lawton, Alys Belga; Florence Gordon, Mona Trieste; Fred, Harry Wagner; Jack, David Stampler; Tom, Egbert T. Roach; Ned, Joseph Baumeister; "Billie," W. J. Curtis; "Scotty," Scottish Lad.

A plot basted together and patched up with songs constitutes "Little Miss Fix-It." The combined energies and ingenuity of Mr. W. J. Hurlbut and Mr. Harry B. Smith were employed in the execution of something that was susceptible of much better form. The piece is frankly called an entertainment, in itself a confession of careless work. In its features of song by the two principals it is an entertainment, and a few scenes of comedy sustained by Miss Nora Bayes are played with that spontaneity, animation and artistic ease that denote the true comedienne. Little Miss Fix-It, improperly so designated, at the close of the play is all excitement awaiting the return of her husband who had left her, before the beginning of the action, after a trivial quarrel over her aversion to automobiles. Her nervousness, her unreasonable impatience with everybody, her capriciousness, her efforts to appear calm and her sudden thoughts about changes in the details of her attire were in the true spirit of comedy, were all her own and lifted her above the banalities contributed by the two authors.

Of the eight songs, six were written and composed by Nora Bayes and Jack Norworth. Such work is safe in their hands. All they need is a play in which to use the offspring of their wedded genius. The story of the play is dramatically feasible. Little Miss Fix-It, unhappy herself, wants to make others happy and essays to compose differences between certain married and unmarried couples. She only makes matters worse, but all works out well in the end. Otherwise, the entertainment is largely made up of the eight songs. The songs by Nora Bayes and Jack Norworth are "Please Go Find My Billie-Boy" (the messenger being a handsome, eager, but docile collie), "No More Staying Out Late," "Fine Strawberries," "Parlor Games," "Turn Off Your Light, Mr. Moon Man," (with much coquetry by means of the calcium lights), and a topical song entitled "Months and Months." Two other songs, "I've A Garden in Sweden" and "The Only Bit of Ireland," had merit.

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DALY'S. "An Old New Yorker." Play in four acts by Harrison Rhodes and Thomas Wise. Produced April 3 with this cast:

Samuel Beekman, Mr. Wise; Richard Corliss, William Rosell; Horatio Trimble, George Gaston; Josiah Leggett, Frank Currier; Jonathan Gormley, Ethelbert Hales; Jameson Gormley, Franklin Jones; Robert Rhinelander Bagley, Willard Perry; Gibson, Lindsay J. Hall; Stanley, George S. Somnes; Morgan, John B. Maher; Anne Schuyler, Blanche Yurka; Elizabeth Beekman, Gertrude Whitty; Cornelia Mason, Esther Banks; Caroline Mason, Lettie Ford; Sally Livingston, Lola May; Marion Haldeman, Mary Hopkins; Mamie Kerwin, Frances McLeod.

It does not necessarily follow that because "An Old New Yorker" at Daly's failed to attract the public that the old time spirit of our great metropolis is wanting as a theatrical subject. This play, the joint product of Mr. Harrison Rhodes and the star, Thos. A. Wise, was a long winded study of the man who held to antique business methods and who suffered thereby in human faith and practical dollars. It couldn't fail to bore, a good portion of the time, as stretches and stretches of dialogue were needed to set the premises. It had some neat points in both sentiment and character, but isolated bits, however bright, clever and truthful, do not go to make an entirely satisfactory play. Mr. Wise, unctuous, kindly and genial, was a happy exponent of the title rôle. He sacrificed everything, that his former partner's son might have his own way, with gentle graciousness and bore his reverses with commendable restraint. When the usual god in the machine set everything right in the end, every one rejoiced that the declining days of Samuel Beekman were to be comfortable and cheerful. His maiden sister was feelingly

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represented by Gertrude Whitty, and an old time friend was portrayed with refined and expert skill by George Gaston. The Mason sisters, by Esther Banks and Lettie Ford, looked as though they had stepped from the pages of a Godey's Lady's Book of 1860, while a sentimental butler of the old regime received nice treatment at the hands of John B. Maher.

KNICKERBOCKER. "DR. DE LUXE." Musical play in three acts by Otto Hauerbach and Karl Hoschna. Produced April 17 with this cast:

Dr. De Paw, Taylor Williams; Miss Barker, Rena Santos; Miss Ada Houston, Marion Ballou; Sadie, Polly Prim; Dennis, Ernest Treux; Kittie Melville, Jeanette Childs; Mrs. Dorothy Melville, Helen Robertson; Dr. Robert Melville, Harry Stone; Mrs. Clara Houston, Georgie Kelly; Margie Melville, Ethel Green; Donald Houston, Edward Nicander; John Truesdale, Ralph Herz; Col. Houston, William Pruette; Hattie Heartsdale, Lillian Berry; Francesca Foote, Ethel Millard; Annette Armswell, Verna Dalton; Lottie La Nerve, Bessie Muller; Lillian Legglesby, Anna Hall; Louise Lipton, Julia Mills; Vera Van Dentine, Ada Mitchell; Laura Lashwood, Florence Campbell; Toodlums, Albert Lamson.

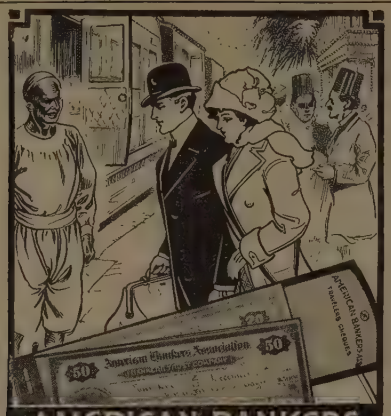
"Dr. De Luxe" is a far-fetched title for a piece described in the programme as "a little play with a little music," in which Mr. Ralph Herz is featured. Many of the scenes and situations come in direct line from farces of other days which might be numbered in arithmetical progression. Nevertheless, they serve for momentary diversion. Mr. Herz has comic distinction of his own and that constitutes a certain novelty. By some chance he is employed at a cat and dog emporium by a doctor who needs an assistant. Because he is employed there a boy of the streets is run over by an automobile, taken in and cared for, and when he recovers from his shock he sings a very pretty song entitled "For Every Boy That's Lonely." The youngster who does this, Albert Lamson, has a most pleasing quality in his voice. In the second act Miss Ethel Green sings a variation of this theme, "For Every Boy That's Lonely There's A Girl Who's Lonely Too," Mr. Herz employing a good deal of comic business in turning over the leaves of music at the piano and restraining himself from embracing the singer. It is of such little bits that the play is made up. A number of show girls come in, each leading or carrying a pet dog and chanting its praise. Fortunately the employment of these dogs was confined to the one scene. Mr. Herz is mistaken by a jealous husband of large proportions for the lover of his wife, and after many harmless but exciting adventures he finds favor with the girl "Who's Lonely Too." The dancing features are not of any unusual kind, but the girls were attractive. In one dance the younger set of girls display a strip of bare legs, and in a riot in the Summer garden of the hotel they clamber up the trellis-work and when the gardener tries to disperse them with a hose they smash the windows by throwing stones. It is by such things that an entertainment of no significance serves its purpose.

THE PLAYHOUSE. "SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE." Comedy in three acts by Geraldine Bonner and Hutcheson Boyd. Produced April 15 with this cast:

Hawkins, E. D. Cromwell; Fanny, Louise Everts; John Constable, Herbert Percy; Kitty Constable, Grace George; Edith Darch, Carolyn Kenyon; Mrs. Alloway, Keith Wakeman; Harry Travers, Frederick Perry; Moon, Frank E. Denny.

If of making many books there is no end, there would equally seem to be no limit to the construction of theatres in this rapidly growing metropolis. The latest to throw open its doors is The Playhouse, in Forty-eighth Street between Sixth and Seventh Avenues, with the indefatigable William A. Brady as its directing factor. It is a charming theatre in every respect, with its imposing facade a combination of French and Colonial architectures of brick with limestone facings. The lobby, as in all modern theatres, is small and the auditorium wide but shallow, providing an intimacy between player and public particularly adapted to plays and comedies of a subtle and personal character. The pitch of the house is excellent, and from every seat, roomy and with plenty of space for obtrusive knees, a perfect view is had of the stage.

The lobby is of marble and through oak doors panelled in leaded glass the auditorium is reached. The coloring of the house is capital. It is bright and cheerful yet free from garishness. Deep red, gold and brown are the colors used in the decorative scheme, planned by Wilfred Buckland. Brown carpets and electric blue hangings help out the general effect. Behind the curtain every



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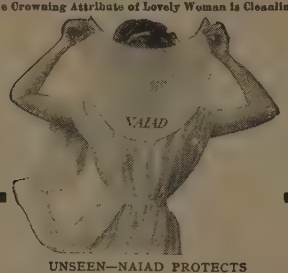

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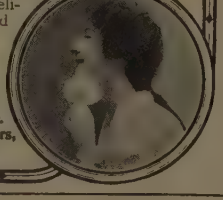

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It was a nice bit of sentiment that persuaded Mr. Brady to have his wife, Miss Grace George, dedicate his new venture. Miss George is a popular and talented actress whose splendid strides in her work have now placed her in the first rank of American comediennes. The play selected was a new American comedy by Geraldine Bonner and Hutcheson Boyd, entitled "Sauce for the Goose." It is, of course, little more than a very free variation of "Divorçons," by Sardou. Cyprienne, Des Prunelles and Adheman form the triangle and change their French patronymics for those of our vernacular. But the original work supplied by the native authors is fresh and crisp and the dialogue exceptionally good in its significant wit. The first act is entirely too long and there is a want of grasp in the material, but the subsequent acts have constant movement and humor. As the wife who taught her neglectful husband a telling object lesson Miss George acted with refreshing variety, skilled detail, delightful comedy and just the right emotional touch. It was an impersonation of rare value in its illuminative light and shade. The husband was played in the right spirit of comic seriousness by Herbert Percy and the not too serious lover was depicted with much humorous force by Frederick Perry. Keith Wakeman as a disturbing domestic factor and Carolyn Kenyon as a friend rounded out a cast that did full justice to "Sauce for the Goose" which, when put permanently into the bill, should enjoy a long and prosperous run.

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DALY'S. "KING LEAR." Tragedy in five acts by William Shakespeare. Produced April 17 with this cast:

Lear, Mr. Mantell; Earl of Gloster, Alfred Hastings; Earl of Kent, George Stilwell; Duke of Cornwall, Oscar Pfefferle; Edmund, Henry Fearing; Duke of Albany, Frederick Baldwin; Curan, Hugh Jeffrey; Duke of Burgundy, Lawrence Kray; King of France, Casson Ferguson; Edgar, Fritz Leiber; Oswald, W. H. Niemeyer; A Fool, Guy Lindsley; An Old Man, Thomas Louden; A Physician, Oscar Pfefferle; A Herald, Casson Ferguson; Lear's Daughters—Goneril, Marie Booth Russell; Regan, Agnes Elliott Scott; Cordelia, Genevieve Hamper.

Mr. Robert Mantell during his stay at Daly's Theatre, beginning on April 17th, appeared in the following plays: "King Lear," "As You Like It," "The Merchant of Venice," "Hamlet," "Richelieu," "Othello" (alternating Othello and Iago), "Richard III.," "Macbeth," "Romeo and Juliet," "Louis XI." and "Julius Cæsar." This is a wide range of effort, the extent of it showing the large responsibility that Mr. Mantell has assumed in keeping alive the best traditions of acting. Mr. Mantell has methods of expression of his own, and it does not lessen his distinction that he is working in the field of tradition. The training of the actors and the staging of such plays in modern fashion is a large task for any man.

WINTER GARDEN. The Winter Garden, New York's new and novel place of amusement, has quickly become one of the popular amusement resorts of the metropolis. The entertainment is perhaps the most varied ever offered under one roof. It is the policy of the management to make some changes in the specialties and features every week. The company numbers more than 250 people, and includes Kitty Gordon, Stella Mayhew, Mlle. Dazie, Dorothy Jardon, Harry Fisher, Barney Bernard, Al. Jolson, George White, Ray Cox, Melissa Ten Eyke, Tempest and Sunshine, Paul Nicholson, Yvette, Edgar Atchison-Ely, Melvin Stokes, Lew Quinn, Robert Dailey, Arthur Cunningham, Hess Sisters, Grace Washburn, Katherine McDonald and Grace Studdiford. The main feature of the entertainment is "La Belle Paree," a jumble of jollity in two acts and ten scenes by Edgar Smith, with lyrics by Edward Madden, music by Jerome Kern and Frank Tours and scenery by Arthur Voegtlin. In addition to the regular evening performances and matinées on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, there are Sunday night concerts at the Winter Garden every week.

Plays Current in New York

The following plays were running at the principal New York theatres at the time of going to press (April 20th): "As a Man Thinks," at the 39th Street; "Baby Mine," at the Majestic; "Dr. De Luxe," at the Knickerbocker; "Everywoman," at the Herald Square; "Excuse Me," at the Gaiety; "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," at Geo. M. Cohan's; "Held by the Enemy," at the Em-

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pire; Hippodrome; "King Lear," at Daly's; "Little Miss Fix-It," at the Globe; "Madame X," at the West End; "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh," at the Lyceum; "Nobody's Widow," at the Hudson; "Over Night," at The Playhouse; "Pomander Walk," at Wallack's; "Raffles," at the Grand Opera House; "Thais," at the Criterion; "The Balkan Princess," at the Casino; "The Concert," at Belasco's; "The Confession," at the Bijou; "The Deep Purple," at the Lyric; "The Dictator," at the Comedy; "The Easiest Way," at the Republic; "The Gamblers," at Maxine Elliott's; "The Hen-Pecks," at the Broadway; "The London Follies," at Weber's; "The Pink Lady," at the New Amsterdam; "The Spring Maid," at the Liberty; "The White Sister," at the Manhattan; "What the Doctor Ordered," at the Astor; Winter Garden.

Performances by Mme. Barsescu

The Roumanian actress, Agathe Barsescu, from the Royal Imperial Theatre, Vienna, gave several performances in German at Carnegie Lyceum Theatre, on Wednesday and Saturday evenings, April 12th and 15th, in which she was ably assisted by Theo. Burgarth, former director of the Irving Place Theatre; Miss Yona Grahn, Mme. Berla, Ernst Pittschau, Mr. Ackermann and Carl Steindler, mostly members of the Irving Place ensemble. The performances proved to be of exceptional interest as Mme. Barsescu appeared in three new plays which displayed her art to full advantage and which had never been produced in America before. Two of the plays experienced their first production. They were: "Thusnelda," by Adolph Wilbrandt, the noted German author, and "The Statue" by Constantin Rancu, a Roumanian writer.

"Thusnelda," by Adolph Wilbrandt, is a one-act drama written in verses, which was dedicated to Mme. Barsescu by the author; she also has the sole right for production in America. The scene is laid in Ravenna, Italy, in the year 21 after Christ. Thusnelda, the wife of Armin, Chief of the Cherusks, has been taken prisoner by the Romans and is held captive. Festus, a Roman captain, enters to take from her the poison which she is said to have in secret possession, but after questioning her he desists from a search and leaves. She then learns from Gisilbert, her old Majordomo, who has voluntarily followed her into captivity, that her husband has been proclaimed king of the Cherusks, whereupon she immediately plans to escape with her son Thumelikus to join him. Meantime Flavus, Armin's brother, who has taken service in the Roman army, and a former admirer of hers, but whom she despises as a traitor to the cause of the Teutons, comes to inform her of Armin's death, who was slain in battle by his own uncle at the head of the Romans, but not before he himself was fatally wounded. Thusnelda desires to be re-united with her beloved husband, and takes the poison which she has kept hidden in her signet ring.

Mme. Barsescu's classical style of acting was shown to advantage in this poetical drama, which won great applause.

"The Statue," by Constantin Rancu, is a very dramatic one-act play, which was also presented to Mme. Barsescu for production in this country. The scene is laid in the studio of the sculptress, Blanche Crane, in Paris, where she has just completed a statue of the dead child of her best friend and classmate, Agathe Mercier, who, since the child's death, has been in a desolate condition of mind. Blanche and Robert Mercier, Agathe's husband, are expecting her coming, as they believe she may find consolation in seeing the beautiful statue of her child, she having tried in vain to model her dead darling herself. Agathe enters, at first she is deeply touched at seeing the statue, then her jealousy awakens. She feels that Blanche, who is more diligent than creative, could never had executed such a beautiful work of art without having used her death mask and without the inspiration of Robert Mercier's, her husband's love. She imagines he has transferred her own genius to Blanche, and becomes so agitated that she attempts to strangle Blanche. Mercier, who has been absent in an adjoining room since Agathe's coming, enters at this point and intercedes, trying his best to calm her. After vainlessly rummaging in her hand-bag for her medicine, he hurriedly exits in quest of a remedy to pacify her. After his departure Agathe arises and sees and hears in vision how

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Blanche and Mercier make love to each other. Her hallucinations increase constantly, then suddenly she again espies the statue. She addresses it as though the child were living, and because of its refusal to leave the unholy spot with her, she strikes the statue, whereupon it crashes to the floor in pieces; she then takes a modelling instrument and ends her own life.

This dramatic sketch proved the most fascinating and impressive of the three productions. In quick succession and within the short space of about twenty minutes it brought the most varied emotions and passions into play. Mme. Barsescu's acting was rewarded by many curtain calls.

"Jutta Sanden," by Margarete Zoellner, is a play in two acts. Jutta is a great singer, who is doomed by consumption. She is in love with a composer by the name of Sigburg, whom she has aided in composing a new opera. He has also great admiration for her, but does not imagine that she has any other feelings for him than those of a spiritual love through common interests in art. She is supposed to sing the star part at the first performance of his opera, but is prevented by her illness, having to be replaced by a younger singer, Adele Marwitz, with whom Sigburg falls in love. After the successful performance of the opera, Adele and Sigburg visit Jutta to announce their engagement, upon learning which she threatens to drown herself, but being informed by her maid that her life is doomed, she seeks consolation in the remembrance of her past successes as a singer, and dies surrounded by laurel wreaths, the tokens of her triumphs.

This is not Mme. Barsescu's first appearance in this country, she having been a very distinguished guest of the Irving Place Theatre in the last year of Heinrich Conried's régime. The American public may soon have an opportunity to admire her art on the English-speaking stage.

Mlle. Gina Torriani

The première danseuse of the Metropolitan Opera House, whose portrait will be found on page 162 of this issue, is one of the most talented and graceful dancers that Italy has ever sent us. She learned her art at the famous Scala in Milan, where she studied under M. César Coppini. Later she was taught by Mme. Caprotti and Mme. Sozo, two celebrated dancers of Milan.

Mlle. Torriani made her début at Lisbon, at the age of 16, in "Ebrea." Then she danced at the Theatre de Carlo Felice, at Genoa, in "Puppenfée." Shortly afterwards she was engaged by M. Bourchard, who engaged her for Frankfort, where she danced for a year in "Coppelia" and other ballets, meeting with enormous success, which triumph was repeated later in Holland in "Salome."

She came to New York in 1908, and has been seen at the Metropolitan Opera House as première danseuse in "Aida," "Carmen," "Traviata" and "Tannhauser." J. M.

Frohman's Private Car

Charles Frohman has purchased a private car at a large expense to make his trips between his producing centres easier to compass. Hitherto he has used New York as the base of his theatrical activities, and his visits to other cities have been merely occasional, but this year he will put into operation his long contemplated plan of producing plays in many large cities. Next month he will conduct rehearsals in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago.

The car is furnished simply, and has three compartments, a library, a dining room, and a bedroom. In the library is a case containing the plays this manager will produce here and in London during the coming season and the new plays which have been submitted to him. The dining room is at the rear of the car, and is also an observation room.

The feature on which Mr. Frohman has spared no expense is the sound proofing. He has had the car incased in material that deadens the usual rattle of the train.—*N. Y. Times.*

Augustus Thomas on the Theatre

At a public meeting recently, Augustus Thomas said that the present theatre is about equally divided between men who indorse art for art's sake and men who indorse art for a definite purpose. Among playwrights who are using the stage for morally beneficial plays he mentioned Charles Klein and George Broadhurst. The importance from the theatre, he declared, arises from its effect on the imitative minds of its frequenters.

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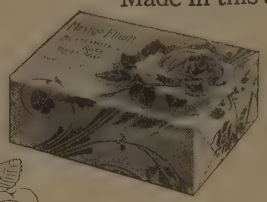

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DENMAN THOMPSON DEAD

Denman Thompson, known all over the United States for his portrayal of Josh Whitcomb in "The Old Homestead," died at his country home, West Swanzey, New Hampshire, on April 14 last, of heart disease and uræmia. He was seventy-eight years old.

For more than a quarter of a century the actor had played almost continuously the rôle which made him famous, and which he himself originated. He was born October 15, 1833, in Beechwood, Erie County, Pa. His father was a carpenter and as a boy the actor worked at the bench. When he was seventeen he went away to Boston and found employment with the circus which gave him a taste for theatrical life. For

Copyright Elmer Chickering
THE LATE DENMAN THOMPSON

some time he acted as a super appearing in support of Charlotte Cushman in "Macbeth." In 1857, after several appearances in speaking parts, he was seen as Uncle Tom, but he did not meet with any marked success as an actor until many years afterwards when, in 1875, he conceived the idea of putting the typical old farmer on the stage. "To get his characters," says a writer in the New York *Times*, "he went back to the old home town, and he even took the names of some of them from the men and women that he had known as a lad in the New Hampshire hills.

"Joshua Whitcomb was named after Thompson's old uncle Joshua, and Capt. Otis Whitcomb after an honest, square-dealing farmer. Cy Prime and Len Holbrook were drawn from the very life, and from a veteran, Gen. James Wilson, were borrowed traits that helped to build up another of the characters of the sketch. Joshua Whitcomb was produced for the first time in Martin's Variety Theatre, Pittsburg. For eleven years Thompson stuck to his sketch, and presented it for the first time in New York in September, 1878, at the Lyceum Theatre on Fourteenth Street.

"In 1885 Thompson decided that Joshua Whitcomb could be elaborated into a play for a full evening's entertainment. 'The Old Homestead' was written, and Mr. Thompson formed a partnership for its production with J. M. Hill, a Chicago merchant, which lasted for six years, and was so profitable that when it terminated it could show a clear profit of $400,000. The play was produced at the Boston Theatre in April, 1886. It ran for four successive seasons in this city, 1888-91, and Mr. Thompson only appeared again in one play. He tried it for two nights, found it a failure, and returned at once to his old favorite. Mr. Thompson gradually cut out all but the principal cities from his route, and during the Winter of 1910 he created a short sketch something like old Joshua Whitcomb, which he played for two months in vaudeville. This year he started out again with the full play, with the idea of appearing in this city, Philadelphia, Washington and Boston, but rheumatism overtook him and he was forced to give the idea up. It is computed that 'The Old Homestead' took in $3,000,000 during the life of its originator."

Mr. Thompson was also the author of "The Two Sisters" and "The Sunshine of Paradise Alley," this last piece in collaboration with George W. Ryder.

Queries Answered

H. S., Richmond—Q.—Can you tell me who created the rôles of Mrs. Wiggs and Lovey Mary in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"? A.—Madge Carr Cook and Mabel Taliaferro respectively. Q.—Have you published scenes from Mme. Bernhardt's production of "Le Procès de Jeanne D'Arc"? A.—A portrait of Mme. Bernhardt as Jeanne D'Arc appeared in the January, 1911, issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE.

Chicago Subscriber—Q.—Who originated the part of Trilby in the play of that name? A.—Virginia Harned.

Mary Leeds—Q.—Where was Ethel Barrymore born? A.—Philadelphia. Q.—Where was Julia Marlowe born? A.—In Caldbeck, Cumberlandshire, England.

A Reader—Q.—What is the price of the December, 1904, issue of your magazine, and where can I purchase a copy? A.—$1.00. Back numbers may be purchased from the offices of the magazine, 10 West 38th Street, New York. Q.—In what issues appeared portraits of Otis Skinner as Colonel Brideau in "The Honor of the Family"? A.—The colored cover of May, 1908, shows Mr. Skinner in the character you name, and there are full-page scenes from the play in the March and April, 1908, numbers.

"Interested"—Q.—Kindly give me a short sketch of the career of William Faversham, and in what issues have you published portraits of him? A.—Born and educated in London, his first appearance on the stage was made in the provinces in 1886 with a traveling stock company. His first appearance in America was in 1887 in a play called "Pen and Ink," at the Union Square Theatre. A few months later he became a member of "The Highest Bidder" company, playing with E. H. Sothern. He was next seen in "She," then in "The Wife;" later became leading man for Mrs. Fiske. Then followed other appearances in stock and leading rôles until Mr. Faversham became a star in 1901. Some of the plays he has starred in are: "A Royal Rival," "Imprudence," "Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner," a revival of "Lord and Lady Algy," "Letty," "The Squaw Man," "The World and His Wife," and "The Faun." Recent portraits of Mr. Faversham have appeared in the February, 1911, and the September, 1908, issues.

L. E. D., Chicago—We are unable to tell you where photographs may be purchased in your city. Q.—In what is Mabel Marrison appearing? A.—She was lately seen in "The Blue Mouse."

Elsa B.—Q.—Can you give me a brief biographical sketch of the life of Rose Stahl? A.—She was born in Montreal, Canada. Her early stage training was chiefly gained in stock and traveling companies. It was on the vaudeville stage in 1904 that Miss Stahl's metropolitan success, which quickly led to stardom, began, when she presented a sketch by James Forbes entitled "The Chorus Lady." Later this sketch was produced as a play with Miss Stahl in the title rôle. Previous to this she had starred in several plays, among which were "Janice Meredith" and "A Man of the World." She is at present appearing in a new play by Charles Klein entitled "Maggie Pepper." Q.—Have you published an interview with her? A.—In the January, 1907, issue of the THEATRE is an article entitled "How Rose Stahl Became a Metropolitan Star."

F. M. Mc., Bethlehem—Q.—Have you published biographies of either E. H. Sothern or Julia Marlowe in book form? A.—We have not. Q.—Where can I obtain portraits of E. H. Sothern in "Dundreary"? A.—We published pictures of Mr. Sothern as Dundreary in February, 1908.

R. E. R., Williamstown, Mass.—Q.—Please give me the original casts of "The Brownies," the musical extravaganza based on Palmer Cox's book, and also of "Jack and the Bean-Stalk." A.—"The Brownies," a spectacle in three acts by Palmer Cox and Malcolm Douglas, was presented for the first time in New York on November 12, 1894, at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, with this cast: Queen Titania, Marie Louise Day; Dame Brusilda, Maude Thompson; Daffodil, Ida Mulle; Violet, Louise Endicott; King Stanislaus, Charles Drew; Prince Florimel, Alice Johnson; J. Chappie Goodform, Eugene Sanger; Count Ronaldo, Grace Hamilton; Tom Binnacle, Fred R. Runnells; Reginald Mortarboard, A. W. Maflin. "Jack and the Beanstalk," by R. A. Barnet, and music by A. B. Sloane, was produced at the Casino on November 2, 1897, with this cast: King Cole, Henry V. Donnelly; Sinbad, Eddie Girard; Jack Hubbard, Madge Lessing; Harry Haitewurk, Hubert Wilke; Marquis de Carabas, Hilda Hollins; Princess, Maude Hollins; Miss Muffet, Merri Osborne; Old Mother Hubbard, Carrie Perkins.

Clayton, E. G., Cleveland—Q.—Who is the author of "The Light Eternal," and from whom can I purchase this play? A.—Martin B. Merle is the author. This play has not as yet been published.

C. T. S., Pittsburg—Q.—Kindly give a short sketch of the career of Marguerite Clark. A.—Miss Clark was born in Cincinnati, Ohio. She made her stage début with the Strakosch Opera Company in 1899. The following year she made her first appearance on the New York stage in "The Belle of Bohemia," at the Casino Theatre, then followed appearances in "The Burgomaster," "The New Yorkers," "The Wild Rose," "Babes in Toyland," "Mr. Pickwick," "Wang," "Happyland." Miss Clark has now abandoned the musical field, and has enjoyed a long and successful run in Margaret Mayo's farce, "Baby Mine." Q.—Have you published her portrait, in colors, on your cover? A.—Yes, on the June, 1909, issue. Q.—Can you tell me something of the career of Chrystal Herne? A.—Daughter of the late well-known playwright, James A. Herne, she was born in Boston. In 1899 she made her début on the stage in the character of Sue Hardy in her father's play, "Rev. Griffith Davenport," in Washington, D. C. The season following this she appeared with her father in "Sag Harbor." She has also been seen in "Shore Acres." Other plays in which she has appeared are "If I Were King," with E. H. Sothern; "Hamlet," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "A Mid-summer Night's Dream," "Major André," "My Wife's Husbands," "His Last Act," "A Gilded Fool," "Home Folks," "Richter's Wife." She has played with Arnold Daly, H. B. Irving in "The Jury of Fate," and many other plays. At present she is appearing in Augustus Thomas's play, "As a Man Thinks," at the 39th Street Theatre.

California—Q.—In what issues have you recently published portraits of the Russian dancers, Mordkin and Pavlowa? A.—Several pictures of these dancers appeared in the December, 1910, number.

Learle, Boston—Q.—Have you published any pictures of John Barrymore in "The Fortune Hunter"? A.—Yes, in November, 1909.

C. C., New Orleans—Q.—In what way is E. H. Sothern related to the well-known actor, E. A. Sothern? A.—Edward H. Sothern is a son of the late Edward A. Sothern.

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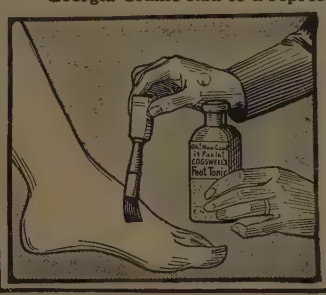

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Here and There in Fashion's Path

A new idea for the serge or voile street dress is the use of coin-spotted foulard for the trimming. Worn by Mlle. Greuze. Photo Felix

THERE is one decided difference between the majority of the spring ready-made styles and those shown by the leading dressmakers and tailors. This lies in the width of the skirt. Most of the ready-to-wear skirts show a slight ripple about the bottom, owing to the fact that they are cut so wide it is impossible to retain the perfection of the straight line.

As I was passing through one of the department stores recently I stopped to admire a natty little blue serge suit with a stunning braid-trimmed short jacket. Of the saleswoman who approached I inquired the width of the skirt. Of that she was ignorant, but upon measurement it proved to be three yards. No wonder it rippled, and that the smart, straight lines were lacking. Then she audaciously or ignorantly informed me that all the French skirts were that width.

I have it on the best authority that the Paris dressmakers still cling to the extremely narrow skirt, but that many of the American buyers had their skirts made *wider* than the *original models*. That is all very well when a skirt is less than one and three-quarter yards, as are many of the Callot gowns. But why go to Paris for fashion ideas, and then distort them so that they hold not the least semblance to Paris modes?

The same friend tells me that the *ladies* seen at the French races were wearing last month skirts that were one metre eighty-five in width, that is about two yards, which goes to prove that I was right when I said two months ago that would be the correct width for spring. It also proves what I have long contended that the taste of well-dressed American women is much the same as that of the refined French women. Unfortunately, some of the foreign representatives do not discriminate between the styles adopted by French ladies and those launched by a less elegant class of women, or by the models worn for a day by some of the mannequins sent out by dressmakers aiming chiefly at advertising themselves. Which, of course, brings to mind the *jupe culotte* with the ever-recurring question of, Will it be worn? There are many things to be said for and against it, just as there are good and bad models shown of it.

Kitty Gordon is wearing a clever adaptation of this Oriental costume. It is all in soft silver-gray satin with steel embroideries over the hips, and with it she wears an Oriental turban of gold net ornamented with an aigrette of the same shade. The costume is certainly most becoming to her, but is one that is hardly likely to find any general acceptance. The other night at the Winter Garden I was not much impressed with it at first, but the more I saw of it the better I liked it, until finally I imagined how stunning it would be if veiled with two or three chiffon tunics. It is

A smart frock of embroidered net with band of guipure lace, and corsage of spotted mousseline de soie in pale green with parasol and hat to harmonize. Worn by Mlle. Alba. Photo Felix

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Foulard afternoon gown worn by Mlle. Dornay with fine embroidered batiste used for the veiling. Photo Felix

An unusual afternoon gown of yellow mousseline de soie ornamented in original fashion with wide Chantilly lace flounces. Worn by Mlle. Marnac. Photo Felix

a little princess dress with the edges caught up to form the trousers effect, and just open at the outer sides enough to permit of fascinating glimpses of slender ankles.

I have an idea that the pantaloon skirt, which differs from the Turkish skirt in several essentials, is one admirably adapted to walking, athletic games, and to traveling. The Davidow model is an excellent one for the tailored skirt. This is really an up-to-date divided skirt, especially designed for walking purposes.

Any of these skirts is modest compared to the late "hobble" skirt, or to the one-time universally popular habit-back skirt, which was not only unhygienic but the essence of vulgarity. Indeed, the most horrifying thing about the new skirt is its name, for the woman is rare who will admit that "she wears the trousers." The phrase has too much odium attached to it.

The important reason for the possible adoption of the Turkish trousers skirt by French ladies lies in the increasing interest shown in the aeroplane. It is the great desire of every woman to ride in one. The first costumes specially created for women aviators like Madame Pauhlan, were anything but feminine or attractive. The models of the present season are a decided improvement thereon. French ladies will soon realize that these new Oriental skirts are just the thing when they step into their motors at their own doors with the intention of taking a spin out to one of the aviation fields in the suburbs of Paris. For then they will be ready for any possible invitation from an airship owner to "Come fly with me." And yet the Turkish trousers with tunic drapery will be a costume that will not make them the cynosure of all eyes if they happen to be disappointed in the invitation.

The English take the pantaloon skirt seriously, and have heartily endorsed the divided pantaloon skirt, claiming that it embodies feminine freedom without folly, and that a great and unnecessary outcry has been raised against its introduction.

Everyone looks for something sensational when told a woman is wearing a trousers or a pantaloon skirt. Yet at the smartest afternoon function of the social season I saw them worn by three elegant women, whose names are in the social registers of two continents. They caused no sensation, because they were so cleverly made that it was only the eye of the fashion connoisseur that discovered they were divided.

Changing conditions make for new customs and new fashions. Flatiron buildings with their notoriously windy corners are becoming all too numerous throughout our large cities. They have undoubtedly been largely responsible for the present vogue of the close-fitting hat. Our twentieth century skyscrapers, subways, and aeroplanes are innovations that make possible the introduction of a modest and feminine form of trousers skirt, and its possibilities are not to be lightly despised or scoffed at.

I was glad to note that in the authoritative French gowns the leading dressmakers of Paris have by no means given themselves over to the sole exploitation of the collarless bodice. Many of the best costumes, except those intended only for evening functions, showed a high collar and tiny yoke of lace or chiffon. Many of

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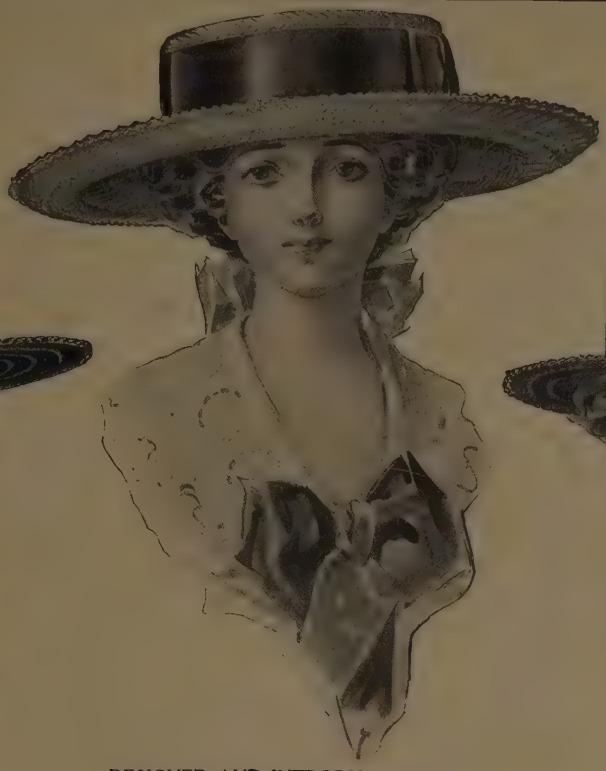

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245. RUE ST. HONORÉ **PARIS** 245. RUE ST. HONORÉ

An afternoon costume showing the combination of white embroidered voile with Irish lace, black voile and black satin. Worn by Mlle. Florèse. Photo Felix

them were the most flimsy veiling of the flesh, but a covering it was.

There are a great many low-neck waists this season, but the well-dressed woman will not allow the collar of her coat to come into close juxtaposition to her bare skin, and therefore she will wear either a soft chiffon or lace scarf wound around her throat, or she will add for street wear a tiny yoke and collar of lace. These lace yokes and collars, as well as entire guimpes and waists, are made of the fine laces and nets, and even of chiffon. To keep these collars in place, there is a new collar support that is really washable, and cannot in any way harm the lovely fabrics. This is the Eve collar support, which is made in zigzag form, so that it is scarcely visible under the sheerest of materials, while under a figured lace it is absolutely invisible. This Eve support is pliable, so that it will not hurt the most delicate skin, and permits of the utmost freedom of movement for the neck and head. Any woman can make these little yokes and collars, so that there is no excuse for lacking the number necessary to always have fresh, dainty ones on hand.

The fad of colored stockings to match the gown, worn with black velvet, satin, or patent leather pumps, is one which is just being advocated in Paris, and of which we shall hear much more within the next few weeks. It is these little things in the matter of dress to which so few women pay attention, yet which serve to give distinction and individuality to the toilettes of those who study how to carry them out with the best results. The idea will probably gain considerable headway when the logical season comes for the wearing of white buckskin ties, for I can imagine nothing daintier with a white lingerie gown trimmed with a color than stockings to match that color, and carried with it a smart parasol of the same color, or better still a white one lined with the color.

Some odd and lovely parasols are shown by Vantine, parasols that are just suited to carry out this latest Paris fad. For example, if you have a black gown in which emerald is the relieving color, what prettier than a black moiré or satin parasol lined with the same shade? They cost $17.50, and are of a beautiful quality of silk, and are really economical in the end, for if you have one of the fashionable emerald green hats that are so immensely becoming, and an all black hat, the same parasol can be carried with a number of different costumes. The handles are so unusual that they are real works of art. They are of carved ivory, of plain and carved sandalwood and of carved Japanese deerhorn.

Which makes me think that for the daily walk abroad during this variable month of May one must be fortified against possible showers by a smart umbrella. There is nothing I so long for as one of the stunning deerhorn-handled umbrellas of which Vantine makes a specialty. These handles are carved in odd and curious designs, and are in several rich tones of ivory; indeed, they look like ivory, but are far more durable, and scarcely half the price, being only $7.50.

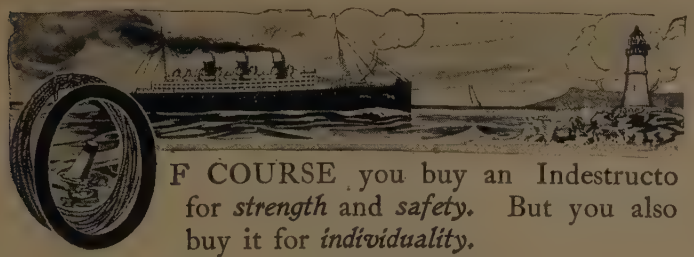
Gold ribs are a pretty addition to many parasols, and I notice that both eight and twelve ribs are fashionable this season. The latter are braced in a clever way, so as to give greater strength to the parasol. It is such a comfort to find unusual handles from which to make a selection, so that one can easily choose the handle that best suits one's individual taste, and then have the parasol covered to match the gown.

The new Duchess pump shown by Slater is the smartest new shoe I have seen, and I particularly admired it in green seal trimmed with a green enamel buckle. He agrees with me that the military heel is the only correct one for street wear, but that for the carriage a Louis XV heel is quite as correct as the military. Personally, I am a great admirer of the Louis XV heel; it makes a tie far more comfortable for me, and if it were not that such an undesirable class of women wear them on the street I certainly should do so, because Dr. Cogswell tells me that they give the proper support to the instep.

Black is, of course, the most correct color for street shoes. But I have no doubt that as soon as the warmer weather comes we shall be wearing tan ties again. However, I hope by that time a lot of women will have discovered that tan shoes were never intended for dress. They are excellent for country wear, and for walking about town, but they certainly look far from smart, not to say appallingly countrified for the afternoon in town, even if one is walking.

I am so glad lace veils are coming in again. A handsome black lace veil always lends distinction even to the most elegant hat. Then there are lovely white and champagne-tinted lace veils that will be adorable for summer wear. I have invented a new way to wear my lace veil until the hot weather comes. I pin one end to the back of the hat, then wind the veil entirely around the hat, and then half around the throat, letting the end fall over the right shoulder. It is a very easy matter to unwind it about the throat, when you want to raise the veil, and it is just as easy to rearrange.

The idea was suggested by the new French motor bonnets that have the immensely long chiffon veils attached to the left side near the back, and are intended to be wound around the bonnet and then the throat. I see no necessity for a hat intended only for motor wear. Almost any one of the new small hats set so well down over the head that they are entirely comfortable for motor wear, and one only needs a long, wide chiffon veil to wear over them when in transit to be perfectly fresh and smartly hatted at the end of the trip. While a motor hat that is only a motor hat is generally so odd and peculiar when one is not actually en route that it detracts from the smartest toilet. Motor hats or bonnets, I believe, were invented for the newly rich, who want to advertise their mode of conveyance.



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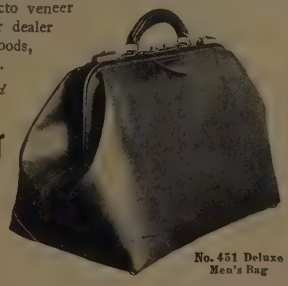

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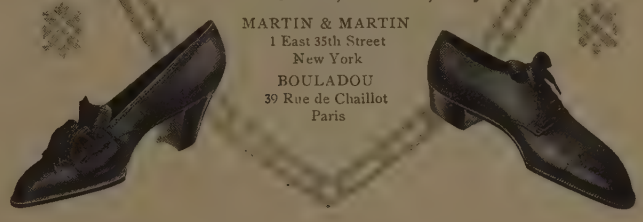

"Shoe Elegance," so essential to the well-gowned woman, is assured by the use of

Largest in Variety — **Whittemore's Shoe Polishes** — Finest in Quality

THE ONLY perfect preparation for cleansing and polishing Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes of ALL kinds and colors

THEY BEAUTIFY AND PRESERVE THE LEATHER
Do not soil the clothing or become sticky

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For cleansing and recoloring all kinds and colors of suede and ooze leather footwear, also buck and castor. Put up in all colors. Also in powder form (all colors). No waiting for shoes to dry. No matting down of the nap. In sifting top cans.
We recommend for BLACK suede shoes the liquid; for ALL other colors the powders. Either kind 25c.

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Russet Combination. For Cleansing and Polishing Russet, Tan or Yellow Colored Boots and Shoes
A cleansing fluid and paste for polishing in each package. Large size 25 Cents.
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Also Polishes for Red, Brown, Gun Metal, Green and Blue leather shoes. *Same sizes and prices.*

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makes **Dirty Canvas Shoes clean** and **white** by using Whittemore's **"Quick White"** Compound. In liquid form, so can be **quickly** and **easily** applied. No white dust. Will **not** rub off. A sponge in every package, so always **ready** for use. Also the following colors for **Canvas** shoes: Blue, Pink, Red, Green and a dozen other shades.

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Each color 10 and 25 Cents.

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THE finger tip is the vital spot in a Silk Glove. The *Niagara* finger tip is as near wear-proof as silk can be made. It is sturdy yet delicate; the inner tip is so cunningly inserted, that it defies detection.

To absolutely insure satisfaction to the wearer, we have *guaranteed* every tip.

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"Niagara Maid" Silk Underwear is a dainty, serviceable necessity for the particular woman, and the economical woman will find it a big saving.

"Niagara Maid" Glove-Silk Hosiery and Scarfs are in every way up to the Niagara standard of quality and beauty.

Ask your dealer to show you any of the above. If he can't, write us and we will see that your wants are taken care of.

"Niagara Maid" Silk Underwear is a dainty economy

NIAGARA SILK MILLS
Dept. T - North Tonawanda, N. Y.
New York San Francisco Chicago

The use of fringe for edging the skirt and drapery are shown in this gown of satin combined with embroidered velvet. Worn by Mlle. Malt. Photo Felix

The small hats mostly owe their origin to the First Empire. These include pokes and turbans that have been so adapted and modified to accord well with modern costumes for all occasions. There are others which are not so admirable, and which are fairly exact copies of some of the "impossible" shapes worn during the Directoire. Of such is the Minerva casque, something on the order of a soldier's helmet, ornamented with big, stiff, fancy feathers along the centre of the crown. It was at the time of the Directoire that a few women called *les merveilleuses*, wore hats *à la Justice, à la folie,* and *à la Minerva.*

One of the Empire shapes that is very stunning is the Napoleon bicorne. One lovely example of this, made by Lord and Taylor, is of black tagal straw with the wide up-turned front brim entirely of exquisite Irish lace, the design being effectively brought to notice by the black background. Then there is a smart green tagal Gainsborough trimmed solely with ostrich plumes in the same shade, a hat that will be useful for many occasions and many frocks, for I imagine that blue and green combinations will be chosen by the smartest women this season.

Of the Minerva casque shape, they have a lovely little model by Maria Louise of white tagal ornamented with a swirl of white ostrich, from which rise in the back two rather long ostrich plumes. It is faced with velvet of the color most becoming to the wearer. Of course, this is a much modified casque shape, with a fascinating little point in the centre front. I saw a stunning copy in white with cerise feathers.

H. E. Fayes.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING

We will gladly answer any inquiry, giving names of shops where these articles are shown or sold, providing a stamped envelope is enclosed.

For the woman who travels there are some clever new wardrobe trunks that are certain to appeal to anyone who desires to have her garments in as fresh a condition at the end of a journey as they were at the beginning. First of all there is the trunk which is only 40 inches long, yet will hold ten or fifteen gowns, according to the material of which they are made. There is a collapsible shoe box at the bottom of this section, and two of the six drawers may be transformed into one large hat box, which will hold two or three hats, according to the size. The reason that this trunk is so much shorter than the original wardrobe trunks is that so many travelers have found that they had to pay excess baggage, and also because the railroad companies in this country have stated that they will refuse to carry the 50-inch trunks after the first of next January.

Particularly admirable are the steamer wardrobe trunks. These also are forty inches long, and just the right height to slip under the berth. There are convenient compartments for hats, shoes, lingerie and the small articles necessary to the traveler's comfort in the lower part of this steamer trunk. The upper part forms the wardrobe. It swings out and stands upright when in use. Furthermore, it is so cleverly constructed that the wardrobe may be left standing, and the trunk shut and locked, when so desired, thus making it possible, under all circumstances, to guard valuable papers and other possessions.

There are hangers for princess gowns as well as the regulation hangers in both of these new wardrobe trunks. The fact that they are so much shorter than other wardrobe trunks might lead one to suppose that the garments could not be as carefully packed, but this is a mistake. It does not take a minute to arrange the gowns in the new way, which precludes their being even slightly rumpled.

The steamer trunk is sufficiently large to contain all the garments essential for quite an extended trip abroad. It is to be highly recommended to both men and women contemplating such a trip, and who do not wish to be burdened with many pieces of luggage, for with what may be contained in it and a handbag the traveler may be thoroughly equipped for every social and other emergency.

With the near approach of summer everyone thinks of cool, comfortable furniture for the warm days. The shops abound in all sorts of novelties, but among them all there is nothing that gives more lasting satisfaction, also pleasure to the eye, than the classic Chinese rattan chairs. This is the furniture most used by the English army officers in India, and by them into the garden party life of England. Its broad arms seem specially made for the social glass or cup of tea, so that it is eminently suited to the smoking-room as to the piazza. Then, too, it is so well made with its hour-glass base and upright supports that it will outlast many of the newer styles, while the price puts it within the reach of all. For a small, broad-armed chair costs $4.50, while the larger sizes are $5, $6, and $7; settees are $12.50, and the long, reclining chairs, $13.50.

Speaking of summer furnishings the Japanese bamboo baskets are just the thing for sending presents of fruit or flowers. The chatelaine of one large country place on Long Island is in the habit of sending her city friends the most artistic presents of fresh vegetables in these rich brown baskets, which seem to add to the lusciousness of the daintily arranged carrots, cress, tomatoes, and lettuce. The flower baskets in the form of vases are admirable for setting off the beauty of both field and garden blossoms, while the oblong baskets, from $1.25 to $2.50, are just the thing for growing ferns, pansies, or other plants, for the dark color of the bamboo tones in admirably with all the colors contained on Nature's palette, and sets them off to the greatest advantage. The jardinieres and flower vases are already lined with removal tin receptacles, and the bamboo makes both a light and enduring basket.

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GENUINE R&T SILKS

"Indra" "ARAB" "SALOME"

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SHINE WITH THE UNDIMMED SPLENDOR AND LUSTRE OF THE RAINBOW

Rain can in no wise damage these famous silks for they have been made immune to water spots by our own Pluvette (Water-Processed) Process.

These distinctive silks surpass all other fabrics for Street Frocks, Tailored and Semi-tailored Suits, for Automobile, Train and Boat Travel. Just as practical from every standpoint as they are beautiful to the eye.

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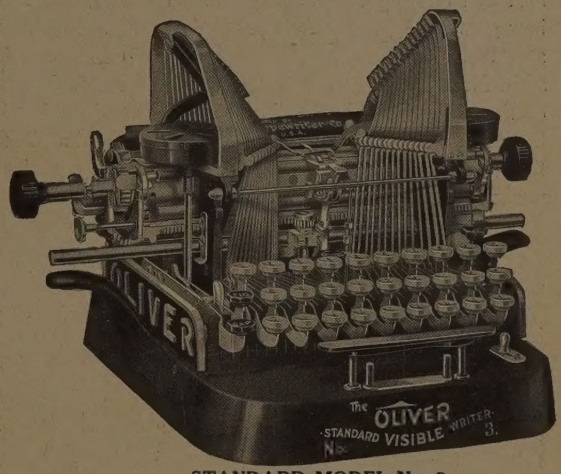

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As dealers in accumulated stocks of Typewriters, we offer this month a lot of 400 of these Standard No. 3 Oliver Typewriters at a tremendous money saving to you.

$50 Easy payments—$5 down and $5 per month, no interest; or 5% less for cash

Every machine complete with Cover, Tools, Instruction Book, etc. Not shop worn or damaged machines, but each and every one guaranteed to be absolutely perfect—**like new. Guaranteed for one year—which is the manufacturer's guarantee.** Shipped anywhere on approval, without deposit—subject to five days' trial and examination in your own office with the understanding **that if** you find the slightest thing to criticize—if you think you can get greater value for your money—if for any reason you do not wish to keep the machine, send it back at our expense.

No salesmen will call upon you, as we are compelled to save travelers' salaries and expenses to enable us to **sell these machines at so low a price.**

The burden of proof rests with the typewriter—"It must be its own salesman"—we depend entirely upon the value of the machine to secure your order.

The Oliver Typewriter gets out of order less—keeps its alignment better—stands more abuse and gives greater and longer satisfaction than any other machine on the market.

This special offer places a high-grade Standard Typewriter within easy reach of every home, business or professional man. **Just think of it! Seventeen cents a day for ten months will pay for one of these machines.**

If you are renting a Typewriter it will be economy for you to replace it with one of these splendid machines, for by paying us a few dollars more per month than you are now paying for rental you will have a perfect machine to operate instead of an inferior one, and in a short time you will have the machine paid for.

Five Days' Free Trial—Don't Send a Penny

Remember, no deposit is required. We ship the machine anywhere on approval. You may return it at our expense if it is not entirely satisfactory, and you are the sole judge. When you write, just give us the names of two or three people who know you, merely as an evidence of good faith.

These facts must appeal to you. Such a demonstration of confidence on our part should inspire confidence on your part. Don't wait until the last moment—the lot will go quickly—and this advertisement may never appear again. Therefore, fill out the coupon and mail to-day. Remember, **you** take no chances.

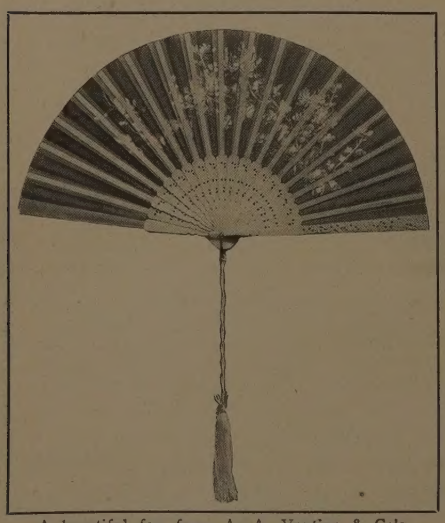
If the Typewriter is just as we say, **you have a bargain**—if it is not, send it back at our expense.

CAN YOU AFFORD TO LET THIS WONDERFUL OFFER PASS?

TYPEWRITER SALES CO. : : : 28 Dearborn Street, Chicago

A novel idea for a foulard gown, showing the use of embroidered batiste for veiling. Worn by Mlle. Dornay. Photo Felix

A new atomizer is so clever that the only wonder is it was not invented long ago. As every woman knows, once the usual atomizer gets out of order it is past all remedy. Not so with this new atomizer, for with care it may be made to last a lifetime. The main difference between it and the oldtime atomizer is that, instead of the rubber bulb being placed at the top of the bottle which holds the perfume, the new atomizer has the bulb placed at the side. At first thought this might seem to be ungainly, and so make it an unsightly ornament for the toilet table. Far from this being so, the bottle is of an artistic shape that will make it an addition to any toilet table. There is a depression on one side of the glass bottle into which the rubber bulb fits most cleverly, so that when this side is turned towards the back of the dressing table the bulb is quite out of sight. Added to this is its chief value from the economical point of view, for the rubber bulb is removable, so that when it is worn out the bottle has only to be sent to the manufacturer to have a new one inserted, and there you are with practically a new bottle. These bottles come with silver nozzle for $5 or gold-plated nozzle for $6, which is really a moderate price for such a useful and lasting atomizer.



A beautiful fan from A. A. Vantine & Co's. collection

For the woman who wants to nourish the skin of her face, or for the woman who has enlarged pores, there is a reliable cream that is most effective. Too many women have enlarged pores these days. They come from using too hot water without sponging off with cold water afterwards, or from the use of poor creams and soap. This cream has glycerine in it. Do not let that fact deter you from using it. Do you know why so many makers of face creams have discontinued the compounding of glycerine with their face creams? Because glycerine is frightfully expensive now. This cream may be applied in one of two ways. Either like the ordinary creams by rubbing it lightly into the skin with the fingertips, or it may be used with a damp cloth, and spread all over the face as you would use soap. It takes away all roughness from the skin, and is a preventive as well as a preservative.

A new maternity gown, which will be greatly appreciated by many women, has recently been designed by a western house, and is now offered at prices ranging from $18 to $35. The model is adjustable in every part, and the result is therefore not only comfortable, but graceful and artistic. It is made in all the new materials with beautifully harmonizing trimmings, and estimates are furnished for elaborate models, while samples will be sent if desired.

A new and very practical article has recently been put on sale in the leading shops, in the shape of a self-fastening dress shield. By means of a little spring, so small that it is not objectionable, the shield closes over the seam and holds firmly in place until removed. The spring is rust proof and the shields are of the best quality, being odorless, perspiration proof and washable. They may be purchased by mail for 25c. if not found at one's dealer's.

Gown of very light gray mousseline embroidered with silk of same tones. Photo Felix

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Perfect Shirtwaist Patterns

¶ L'ART DE LA MODE, the fashion authority, has designed and ready for immediate delivery new sets of perfect shirtwaist patterns. ¶ Each set contains seven patterns, in 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inch bust measure. ¶ Three sleeve patterns, either as shown or plain shirt sleeves (which are enough for the seven sizes of waists), accompany each set. In ordering please state style sleeve desired. ¶ Price, cut in heavy paper, $3.00 per set of seven patterns, sent rolled in a tube. Cut in heavy cardboard, pierced for hanging, $6.00 per set of seven patterns, sent flat.

¶ Separate waists cut in manilla paper (sizes 32 to 44 inch bust), 50c. each, including sleeve. Separate sleeve, 25c. each.

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Gentlemen:

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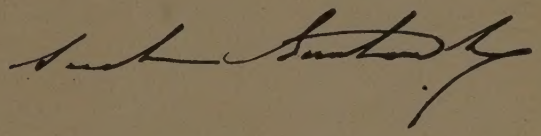

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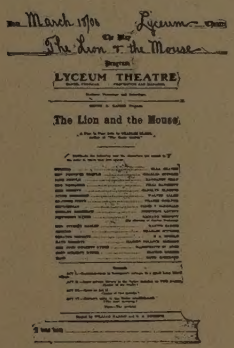

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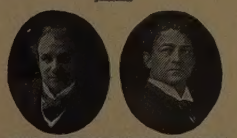

THE success with which The Theatre Record was received last season has been an important factor in the publishing of our new volume, the

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A Handsome Book of eighty pages, size 10x14. Beautifully bound as a scrap book, in silk cloth, gold lettering, title page and table of contents. Japanese vellum is used throughout the entire volume. Printed headings on each page. Postpaid,

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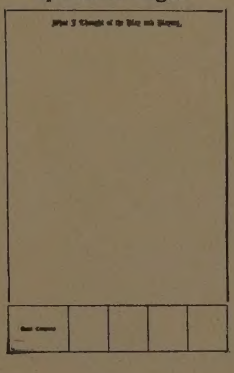

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This work will embrace the history of the drama in all its branches; the biographies of the most prominent actors, dramatists, managers; in short, of all people of importance who were and are connected with the theatre throughout the world.

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